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### THE REAL DISRAELI.

THERE are two Disraelis. We are not speaking of the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" and his son, but of two Disraelis of the present day. One is the Disraeli of the House of Commons, and Hughenden Manor, and real life; the other, the Disraeli of the newspapers—of the London correspondents, the essayists, and the public opinion which derives its instruction only from such sources. No man living has had so much nonsense written about him as Mr. Disraeli. It is the fashion among certain writers to regard him as a sublimely mysterious personage. He is the Asian Mystery. He is the Sphinx. His face is a wonderful mask. The shrug of his shoulders is an insoluble enigma. The lifting of his eyebrows beats hieroglyphics. His walk, one writer has discovered, is like the tread of a panther. His expression is at one time like that of a mocking Mephistophiles, at another that of an unsatisfied, insatiable, profoundly sorrowful Faust. Look at him, admirers say, under their breath—what a face! Can you read its riddle? We can't, of course. It has therefore come to be understood that Mr. Disraeli is a mystery; and we are expected to admire him, to be stricken with awe by him, to believe that nonsense is wisdom, rhodomontade eloquence, fustian fine broadcloth, and humbug statesmanship, because Mr. Disraeli is a mystery. This is the Disraeli of the newspaper correspondents and the profound essayists. There is a great convenience about this theory of a Disraeli, for it gets rid of all trouble of analysis or explanation, seeing that you can't explain a mystery, and therefore when you have said mystery, you have said all.

Now, this is the Disraeli in whom we do not believe. After some considerable study of Mr. Disraeli, in himself and in his political speeches and measures, we must say that we utterly fail to discern any mysterious and sphinx-like attributes about him. His face never reminds us of the Sphinx—at least if any justice is done to that creature in the celebrated picture which hangs in Prince Napoleon's gallery. His walk is not like the tread of a panther, unless of some panther who had corns and shuffled along in old slippers a good deal too large for him. Nor do we see anything of the magnificently mysterious in his speeches, his writings, his measures, his career. Very few men in the House of Commons, we fancy, understand even what is meant by the kind of awe-stricken rhapsody in which it is usual for outsiders to talk and write of Mr. Disraeli. Very few men who have sat long on the benches on either side see anything mysterious, or sphinx-like, or Faust-like, or Mephistophilean about the present Prime Minister. But it is perfectly wonderful—a good deal more wonderful than Mr. Disraeli—how a taking idea or phrase about a man, once fairly started,

runs through the English press; every writer simply serving as the echo of the man who came before him. No matter how obviously and utterly opposed to the palpable truth and stark, staring reality, if such a notice only gets a good start to begin with, it may keep on and be accepted for ever. It saves trouble, it saves time, it saves thinking and looking. Take a very trivial fact as an illustration. Somebody in *Punch*, years ago, when sketching Mr. Bright, depicted him as having an eye-glass stuck in his eye. This was a mistake. Mr. Bright never, by any chance, wears an eye-glass. But the mistake was perpetuated; all artists in *Punch* followed in the wake of the first, and other artists in other comic journals followed in the track of *Punch*, and we should hardly know Mr. Bright now in a comic picture if he did not stare at us through this mythical eye-glass. This was a very trifling mistake, but it may serve as an illustration of the kind of thing we mean. Mr. Disraeli's mystery is like Mr. Bright's eye-glass.

Of course, all this element of mysteriousness has a great effect on the outer public mind. It makes Mr. Disraeli, for instance, a far more interesting person than Mr. Gladstone, although the latter is endowed with incomparably superior qualities as an orator and a statesman. Out of a hundred persons who pay their first visit to the gallery of the House of Commons, ninety-nine at least, we should think, ask to be shown Mr. Disraeli before they look out for any one else. We think this absurd impression decidedly mischievous. It covers up the real Disraeli with a purple cloud, and protects him against real criticism, just as a dark night, a white sheet, and a scooped turnip with a candle inside scares away honest Hodge from approaching and detecting the concealed broomstick which he mistakes for a ghost. What is there either wonderful or inscrutable about Mr. Disraeli or his career? He is a very clever, shifty, audacious, unscrupulous, self-sufficing man; he devoted himself to the cause of a party singularly deficient in brains and tact, and he rose to be head of the party. Is there anything very wonderful in that? He is the sort of man who would rise anywhere. He is one of the cleverest politicians alive. Had he continued a Liberal his rise might have been more gradual and slow, because there were many able men, some abler men, to compete with him; but he would have got on in any party. There have been, at least, half a dozen men known to English politics during Mr. Disraeli's time, every one of whom might, beyond all doubt, have become Prime Minister if he had bent his ambition that way, and made all other things subservient to it. Cobden was one; Bright is one; only death interfered between Sir George C. Lewis and the highest Ministerial position. Gladstone has but to live a few months to be Prime Minister. All these are, or were, men of middle class, owing their political position to



their own talents alone. Why, then, are we expected to fall into fits of special wonder and admiration over Mr. Disraeli's long-desired hardly-earned promotion? Why is it supposed to be a fact that literary men ought to be particularly proud of? It was not as a literary man, or by keeping among literary men, Mr. Disraeli rose to high State office. Some years ago Mr. Disraeli, discoursing to a political acquaintance about his own career, declared that he, the author of "Henrietta Temple," had renounced "a literary throne" in order to be the first man in the House of Commons. Well, this was very grandiloquent. But was Mr. Disraeli likely to have ever won "a literary throne"? We have all read a dozen or so of his novels, and these surely may be taken as a pretty fair indication of what he could do. They are immensely clever and dashing, even in their very absurdity; but the sort of throne they seem to promise is more like that of the king of the Twelfth-night cake or the monarch of misrule than the seat of a true sovereign of letters. In truth, Mr. Disraeli never could be a great novelist; he never could be a great orator; he never could be a great statesman, or, in the true sense, a statesman of any kind. We defy any one to find in any of Mr. Disraeli's speeches one single new and great thought, one ray of genuine imagination, one sentence which lives and grows in the memory. His highest flights never get beyond such ridiculous rhodomontade as that about the banner of St. George and the mountains of Rasselas—trash that would be received with a burst of laughter if it came from the lips of a Darby Griffith or a Rearden. Apart from his remarkable stock of effective and audacious sarcasm (which of late has too often degenerated into roystering buffoonery), there is no quality of the orator in the singular displays which our Prime Minister is cheered for making. What we are concerned with now is, however, the sphinx-and-mystery theory of Mr. Disraeli's character, which it would be a positive kindness and service to the public to dispel. It does not, as we have said before, prevail much in the House. When Mr. Disraeli delivered last session that famous denunciation of Mr. Gladstone as the head of a Papal and Ritualistic conspiracy, the public were agape, some with admiration, some with anger, all with wonder. More mystery, more sublime audacity, more sphinx! The House, on the other hand, thought the whole thing capital fun, and laughed consumedly. The outer public could not understand the meaning of the strange display—the House had no doubt at all on the subject, and was immeasurably amused at the inspired orator, and the unmistakable source of his inspiration. Do let us get rid of all this nonsense about Mr. Disraeli's mysterious qualities. There is nothing mysterious about him. His face does not furnish any wonderful study; there is no sublime inscrutability or sublime anything about it. When one of his perorations becomes a mere farrago of words, it is not because the words enshrine some profound and sublime meaning; it is only because Mr. Disraeli, having nothing better to say, has the courage to talk downright nonsense, or in the excitement of the moment does not particularly know what he is talking about at all. He is one of the cleverest of men; but there is nothing great about him except his audacity. His eloquence is glittering pinchbeck; his statesmanship is cup-and-ball playing. He has been not inappropriately called the Robert Macaire of politics. He has had his reward; he has had all he ever cared for. He once observed in triumphant accents that let history say what it would of him, it could not deny that he had been three times Chancellor of the Exchequer. It now may record that he became Prime Minister of England. He will not care even though it should add that he won these places chiefly because he combined with the eloquence of the quack medicine-vendor, and the dexterity of the juggler, all the unscrupulousness of the charlatan, and all the audacity of the bravo.

#### THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

THAT which was an insurrection last week is now a revolution. The Government of Queen Isabella is at an end, and a Provisional Junta rules Madrid. Events have marched rapidly and decisively; the rottenness of the last Bourbon throne in Europe has been conclusively proved; and the ability as well as the willingness of the Spanish people to take the conduct of affairs into their own hands is made apparent to a world which had become rather sceptical on the point. As we remarked last week, previous movements in Spain have been too exclusively the work of the

military. In the present rising, the army has indeed played an important part, and the navy still more so; but the people have borne their share as well. There can be no doubt that the insurrection which has now so signally triumphed was a popular struggle against tyranny, as much as, even if not more than, a *pronunciamiento* of discontented generals and admirals. Nothing else could account for its quick success, and it is this feature which gives to it the one element of hopefulness in the midst of much perplexity. The way, however, was prepared by the operations of the land and sea forces. The navy went over, without the exception of a single ship, to the anti-Bourbon cause, and, being thus able to command the coast, and to act against any of the maritime towns inclined to favour the Queen, it exercised an influence which was of no small service to the revolutionists. In the army regiment after regiment declared for the insurrection, and General Novaliches, in marching against Marshal Serrano near Cordova, found himself deserted by a portion of his force, which at once joined the rebels. The action that ensued at the bridge of Alcala, over the Guadalquivir, is said to have been trivial in its character, and uncertain in its results; yet it seems to have precipitated the crisis. Whether Marshal Serrano was victorious, as some accounts assert, or General Novaliches remained master of the field, as others maintain, or whether the antagonistic forces, after a brief skirmish, united in common opposition to the reigning monarch, as seems not improbable, it is certain that very serious events succeeded the encounter of Monday. General Novaliches, who was wounded, immediately afterwards "dissolved his army" (which seems equivalent to saying that he left his soldiers to do as they pleased), and, setting his face towards Madrid, gave such an account of affairs to General Manuel de la Concha, the newly-appointed Prime Minister, that the latter at once resigned. It was high time, for every post brought intelligence of the spread of the revolution. The action at the bridge of Alcala was followed by the revolt of Saragossa and of the whole of Andalusia; in other directions the insurrection showed equal signs of activity; and Marshal Serrano was known to be marching on the capital. In fact, the Queen's Ministers had no choice but to resign, and the performance of that grateful duty was the signal for a revolutionary Junta, composed of four members of the Progressista party, four unionists, and four democrats, to issue an address to the people of Madrid, who enthusiastically declared for the new order of things. The rising at the capital was of the most peaceful order. The troops fraternized with the populace; the royal arms were removed from the public buildings; busts and statues of the Queen were defaced; and music and illuminations turned the gloomy metropolis of Spain into a festal city. It was a veritable revolution of rose-water. A scene in a ballet could hardly be more bright, cheerful, and pretty. The Bourbon throne had suddenly crumbled into dust, as Bourbon thrones seem formed to do; and the people laughed, and sang, and lit up their houses for joy of the good deliverance.

This is undoubtedly the most important revolution that has taken place in Europe since that which resulted in the expulsion of Louis Philippe from France; for the various movements in Italy in 1859-60 were each on a smaller scale, and all were in alliance with a kingdom already in existence, and in harmony with a policy that had long been clearly defined and distinctly understood. The nearest approach to the collapse of Queen Isabella's rule is that of the Government of her relative, the King of Naples. In both cases, the very soldiers of the Bourbon proved broken reeds in the hour of necessity. But, in the case of Naples, it was known beforehand that, if Garibaldi could only make his way to the capital, the union of the southern kingdom with the northern would be speedily effected, and, surprising as was the march of events, the result was entirely in harmony with what all observers had long anticipated in case of certain given conditions. In Spain it has been doubtful until the last week or two whether the materials for revolution existed in any serious degree. It was known that there was wide-spread discontent; it was certain that many of the leading chiefs of the army and navy entertained designs hostile to the continued rule of Isabella; it had been made apparent by several abortive risings that these military men were prepared to run any personal risk to secure the success of their projects. But it was not clear that the nation, however discontented with the Queen and her Government, was willing to support an insurrectionary movement having for its object the expulsion of both. It was thought by many that



the Spaniards were still too much imbued with the spirit of personal loyalty to sanction such an innovating course; and it was feared that this feeling, in combination with the languid southern temperament, would preserve a Government of corruption from the consequences of its vices and its folly, even after all affection and even all respect for it had vanished. But those who so calculated had forgotten that, after all, Queen Isabella was not one of the "legitimate" monarchs of Europe. She did not come in the right line, according to the Spanish laws of succession, and was placed in the position which she has just lost by a species of revolution, followed by a seven years' civil war. This has always tended to alienate from her side the old Conservative feelings of a large part of Spanish society; while, on the other hand, the revolutionary classes have detested her for the tyranny and meanness of her rule. Modern ideas in politics are not so entirely absent from Spain as observers north of the Pyrenees sometimes suppose. Barcelona is a stronghold of republicanism, and at Madrid and elsewhere the conception of "the Sovereignty of the People" has been gradually making its way into the popular mind. Indeed, we find those very words among the proclamations of the insurgents. Even in the matter of religion, in which the Spaniards are generally held to be especially mediæval, a considerable movement has taken place of late years, and it has been said by more than one recent traveller that the priests are beginning to tremble before the extension of free thought.

In many respects, Spain during the last few years has shown signs of a revival, and this almost peaceful revolution is perhaps the most convincing proof that the land of Ferdinand and Isabella has not lost all its ancient dignity and strength. Yet it cannot be denied that a very perilous path now lies before it. The revolution is in the hands of at least three different parties, and, though they coalesced to destroy, they may not be equally willing to lay aside personal jealousies and rival views in the establishment of a Government to succeed that which has now passed into the limbo of discarded monarchies. A Republic is still talked of by some; but it is said that the Provisional Government at Madrid has discarded all such plans, and there seems some ground for supposing that the Junta will look to the Carlist branch of the Royal family for restoring and perpetuating the throne. This is regrettable, for the Bourbons are unteachable by misfortune, and incapable of apprehending the tendencies of the age. The Republican form of government, however, appears unfitted to the Spanish people, if, indeed, it is suited to any great European Power; and so, unless the revolution should suddenly develop a Cromwell or Buonaparte capable of seizing the helm, it may be that there will be no choice but to give the Bourbons another chance of failure. In the meanwhile, we are glad to see that the elections to the Assembly which is to fashion the new constitution are to be by universal suffrage. A revolution has no other legitimate basis.

Isabella is now on French soil, soothed by the kindly condolences of the Emperor Napoleon. That he will do nothing more than condole is now rendered certain by the official announcement that France will not interfere in Spanish affairs. The Queen has been coquetting for help during the last few weeks, but she has coquetted in vain. The Emperor has never yet interfered in any country against the popular will, unless we except the solitary case of Mexico; and, although he may regret the course of events in the Peninsula, he has wisely resolved not to meddle with accomplished facts.

#### MR. BRIGHT AND BRADLAUGH.

THE "Ministerial" tone of Mr. Bright's reply to Mr. Bradlaugh almost reconciles us to the fact of his having condescended to enter into correspondence with "Iconoclast." It is not above two years since Mr. Bright was a sort of "bogey," with which the Conservative journals loved to frighten the bucolic mind. He was a republican, a conspirator, a hater of England and a lover of America, a man who was about to sacrifice the future of his country to gratify his personal animosities. Nothing was safe from him. England once a republic, would he stop there? General confiscation of property, a massacre of the aristocracy, and the abolition of the army were among the probabilities of his career. These were the parrot-cries of obscure country papers, but they were taught by metropolitan journals. If the *Standard* did not state these

things, it implied them; and the minor Tory newspapers throughout the country were not slow to follow the example of that elegant and instructed print. Mother Gamp flourished her umbrella, and her provincial sisters stormed in chorus. Times have changed since then. We hear no more of "Bright and Beales," but of "Bright and Gladstone." Among advanced Liberals it is quite well understood that a time may shortly arrive when Mr. Bright may be found blocking the path. Mr. Bright's political genius is not creative and progressive; it is tenacious and persistent. We already find the *Times* congratulating itself over the Reform Bill having "developed a healthy germ of Conservatism in Mr. Bright." But the *Times* is wise after the fact. A careful student of Mr. Bright's career would have observed that it was never adaptive—that Mr. Bright's convictions seem to have been matured at a very early period, leaving only to be accomplished their translation into uncompromising action. His intellect is sensitive and comprehensive; but it works within a circle. Were Mr. Bright to live another fifty years he would be a Tory. We do not bring this as a charge against a man who fought boldly and well for his principles against bitter and almost universal opposition; and who now seems to have relinquished his attitude of attack merely because his demands have been conceded. On the contrary, it is with satisfaction we observe in his present position a proof of what was often maintained by his adherents—that it was never for the love of fighting that he fought. There remain many things for Mr. Bright to do; but the great stumbling-block of the enfranchisement question having been removed by other hands, there is scarcely a single point of his political programme on which he is not in unison with the majority of earnest Liberals in the House and out of it. If Mr. Bright's position—his "safety" as a politician, shall we say?—is not quite clearly understood by those worthy people who have not been able to rid their mind of the old "bogey" traditions, perhaps the letter addressed to Bradlaugh will help them. "I do not think that it is always wise," says Mr. Bright, with reference to Bradlaugh's candidature for Northampton, "to select the most extreme politician because he is the most extreme. To do so would be to put up the representation to auction, and I scarcely know a candidate now before the public who might not be outbidden by some one wishing to supplant him. I have some regard for past services and for a tried fidelity, and my sympathy does not run with those who seek to divide the Liberal party, on the ground that some portion is less advanced than the rest." Whoever does not perceive that these words constitute a necessary corollary to the whole of Mr. Bright's political career, has studied the latter to little advantage.

We cannot too warmly insist on the fact that the person to whom Mr. Bright thus writes is a man of no political consequence whatever. He has not ineffectually endeavoured to gain some notoriety for himself by hanging on to the skirts of the Liberal party; but not even the countenance of Mr. Mill has been able to give him the least title to the consideration of that or any other party. In politics he is a mere tyro; in religion, a presumptuous firebrand; in philosophy—but we do not know that he understands the meaning of the word. It is a poor device of the Conservative party to feign astonishment over imaginary dissensions among the Liberals, because the latter find themselves buttonholed by this or that man whom they wish to avoid. The *Standard*, indeed, talks as if the Stupid Party had a monopoly of all the political mountebanks in the kingdom. It has a tolerable number, doubtless; but our contemporary should not be surprised to learn that outside of it there remain one or two who are a pest not easily to be got rid of. Neither Finlen nor Bradlaugh has in any sense been identified with the Liberal party, nor has either received that countenance from the representatives of the party which alone would enable him to claim political or other recognition. To put forward such men as the exponents of Liberal policy is a paltry and ineffectual electioneering trick offered to the Tory candidates by their leading journals. Perhaps the latter fancy themselves beyond the reach of retaliation. Perhaps they have come to the conclusion that, even if the Liberal journals were to take the incoherent nonsense of some pot-house Tory orator, and call attention to such illogical balderdash as the expressions of the Conservative party, there would be nothing worse found in such speeches than what actually is printed in the editorial columns of the Tory



newspapers. To falsify modern history, traduce the character of the most eminent Liberal politicians, misquote revenue returns, liken Mr. Gladstone to Judas Iscariot, and generally to make an exhibition of mental incompetence and imbecility, can be nothing remarkable in some uneducated and hot-headed Tory demagogue when we observe the condition of the parent-fount of such cheerful inspirations. We consider, however, that the Finlen device is played out. Vigorously as the Conservative papers tried to identify him with the Liberals, they completely failed; and the unhappy man who had his private concerns dragged into the light of day by writers who fancied that the condition of his house and children had some occult connection with the disestablishment of the Irish Church, has returned into that obscurity which best befits him. Bradlaugh, despite the efforts of his Tory patrons, is likely to follow. His candidature for Northampton is only a dull jest. It did not want Mr. Bright's expressed approval of Mr. Gilpin and Viscount Henley to render Mr. Bradlaugh's effort to divide the Liberal interest in the borough a hopeless failure. We have only one word to add by way of explanation. It is not because Mr. Bradlaugh is unorthodox that we consider him unfitted as a candidate for admission to Parliament. There are probably numbers of men in the House whose theological opinions, formed and educated by intelligent study, would no more square with the Thirty-nine Articles than would the windy and shallow impertinences which Bradlaugh probably calls his religious opinions. We object to Mr. Bradlaugh because he is a political nobody, who has again and again exhibited an entire want of self-control and common-sense. How he ever attained that invidious prominence which he now enjoys is a mystery. There was lately a rumour afloat to the effect that Mr. Disraeli's tragedy of "Alarcos" had been produced at the instigation of his political opponents; and perhaps, in return, the Tory party has been conspiring to bring Bradlaugh forward for their own purposes.

#### THE LORD MAYOR RETURNS THANKS.

IT is with a feeling of relief stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant that we read in the papers the official decease of Lord Mayor Allen. He started on his career fairly enough, and we gave him a special greeting. It was understood he wished to cut down the number of running footmen and send the state coach to the South Kensington Museum. His reign was to be one of reform. It began in the usual style with a big banquet. There were misgivings touching the real cause of the show being curtailed, but the banquet was a success. Our theory is that Mr. Allen suffered metamorphosis at that festival. He was within a few yards of Mr. Disraeli, and the potent wizard may have inspired him even as Madame Rachel did Mrs. Borradaile. From whatever source the effect was produced, the Lord Mayor was no sooner installed in the Mansion House than he commenced to behave in the most eccentric fashion. His chief business he neglected altogether. The eating was the poorest ever known in civic annals. The turtle was neither prime nor frequent. Balls were few and shabby. All this caused much murmuring and dissatisfaction amongst the class of people interested. Your under-fed alderman is a fearful wild fowl. He soon becomes revolutionary. An eye was kept on the parsimonious Mayor, and rumbling, indicative of disturbance, went on in the Corporation. It was found after awhile that the Mayor had not only peculiar notions of hospitality, but of politics. Why he dabbled in politics at all was a puzzle at first, until it was perceived that he had an aptitude for fussiness. He positively appeared on platforms to oppose the disestablishment of the Irish Church. He could not understand that he was brought as a decoration to set off a narrow party section. So he lent his gingerbread to gild the refined gold of Orangeism. We are not about to refer to his lordship's speeches. For aught we know, he may print and publish them himself, and then it may be given to us to read them again. But we may venture to say from recollection that Mr. Allen did not distinguish himself as an orator, and neither did he, unfortunately, exhibit those flashes of silence which are said to be brilliant. He talked indeed pompously, and with silliness. He was surrounded with members of the "stupid party," and he was not even the one-eyed king of the blind men. The press again begged of him to mind his own duties. Our respected con-

temporary the *Daily News* ventured to remonstrate with him, and he retorted by behaving discourteously to a gentleman connected with that journal. But Mr. Allen still pursued his wild courses. Nothing could bring him to a sense of his position. All the talk and the writing went over his head, or perhaps through it. He was impervious to leading articles. Then it will be borne in mind how he presided at a stormy meeting, during which gentlemen flourished sticks and, we believe, struck out at each other from the shoulder. His conduct in the chair on that occasion has not been chronicled as heroic. He retired,—to use an expressive American saying,—he retired with considerable resolution.

But it was not only by the meagreness of his larder, or by the figure he cut on political stages, that the Lord Mayor became notorious. He is officially a dispenser of justice; and he had a little boy before him recently. In passing sentence on the criminal, the great magistrate was pleased to intimate that he considered the baneful custom of granting half-holidays responsible for the prevalence of forgery among boys. He also has expressed himself severely about Cremorne and other places of amusement. We are not going to defend the institution at Chelsea, but we confess we were unable to understand the opposition Mr. Allen gave to it. Would he insist on extinguishing the coloured lamps of the classic haunt referred to? Would he send its hermit on the world? turn out the dancing dogs and the dancing women, and deprive our country friends of the pleasure of seeing life when they come to town? Would this be expected of the Conservative who desires to retain the Established Church of Ireland? However, we do not care to dwell on this point. Of the two things, a reform at Cremorne would have been a more appropriate task for Mr. Allen than an interference in State matters. Nor need he, now that he has returned to private life, abandon his implied crusade against cheap amusements. Nobody will oppose him if he attacks casinos and Cyprian gardens. It is, we believe, his notion that the franchise has been extended on account of the taste for half-holidays. Let him put down half-holidays if he can. An alderman is not the less powerful for having passed the chair, and Mr. Allen may still devote his energies to pursuits for which he displayed an inclination. The scene which took place this week in Guildhall, on the abolition of Mr. Allen, was very instructive. Mr. Bennett, the mover of a vote of thanks to his lordship evidently felt that he came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. All he could manage to say was that Mr. Allen looked the character of mayor, and had embellished the Mansion House. He also lugged the inevitable state-coach into this rather feeble panegyric. It is not easy to comprehend what Mr. Bennett means by a person looking the character of mayor. We suppose, however, Mr. Bennett understands this mysterious kind of performance himself. After him several gentlemen altogether protested against the vote of thanks, and, indeed, threw such cold water on it, that if Mr. Allen showed a proper spirit he would simply have refused the ungracious boon at once. He snatched it, nevertheless, with a nervous haste, and we believe it is to be printed on vellum and presented to him. We do not envy him much the possession of the piece of sheepskin, and we trust his successor will study the moral of the civic career of its owner. We are drifting into more stirring political times, and it is requisite that functionaries of the style of Mr. Allen should not in a public capacity interfere with and embarrass questions which do not touch the verge of their offices. If a Lord Mayor of London is desirous of having something to do, there is plenty of work to hand. For instance, let him examine the accounts of the funds spent by livery companies on guzzling; let him take a little trouble with the traffic of the City, and facilitate the publication of reports of meetings held in some of the vestries. These are a few of the jobs that might be struck out for an enterprising mayor. But we confess that if we are to have a mayor at all we should have no objection to his partaking more or less of a mediæval nature. Let him still be the glorious example for Francis Goodchild, the Industrious Apprentice. Virtue rewarded with soup and dignity for a year is still an attractive and encouraging picture to place before young grocers and drapers. It jars against our sense of the fitness of things to have Whittington bawling party cries or even suggesting reform. The reforms will be brought round by other means; but meanwhile, let us have our mayor, while we have him, a mayor pure and simple. In one respect, indeed, he might



extend his duties, or rather revive a custom which was certainly once included amongst them. Besides the occasional princes who visit us, and whose entertainment is made a matter of some national concern, there are many illustrious foreigners towards whom our civic magnates ought to show a reasonable hospitality. The Mayor and the Aldermen never think of looking into the list of arrivals in town during the season. It would not be a matter of much additional expense to invite distinguished Frenchmen and others to Guildhall from time to time. But whatever the Mayor and his associates do or do not do, let us beg of them to refrain from an official intrusion into politics. We have had quite enough of that business during Mr. Allen's year. That gentleman ought to be a warning and a caution to others. In alluding to him we are taking him entirely as he appeared to us from his own showing in the public papers. In private he is, we believe, esteemed as an enterprising and inoffensive gentleman; but we drop him out of sight when he loses his title, unless, indeed, he may try to carry out the proposed changes in sumptuary affairs. The universal condemnation with which his partisan exploits were received, might also serve as a hint to other mayors than those of London. We believe that several provincial magistrates of analogous standing imitated the folly of Mr. Allen. They may perhaps venture on the ground with more or less impunity; but still the practice established by such a usage would, we are convinced, work more for evil than good. The proverb that the cobbler should stick to his last is amongst the most stupid, perhaps, of proverbial absurdities; but applied to mayors we think it appropriate and fitting enough. Those officials possess a certain reliquary interest of their own with which they ought to be content. The simple legend attached to them should be, that having begun life with half a crown, they ultimately were raised above men as mayors. The striking brevity of the narrative is spoiled when, as in the case of Mr. Allen, we are obliged to record that the Mayor could not keep his head when the summit of his ambition had been attained.

#### GETTING MARRIED.

"RACHEL," said the quaker to the damsel whom he had summoned from the farmhouse up to which he had suddenly ridden on a gaunt cob—"Rachel, the Lord hath sent me to marry thee." And Rachel, dropping her eyes, made answer, "The Lord's will be done!"

Yet Rachel sighed as she spoke, and Woman is by nature averse to marriage! Woman loves the permanent, but she hates the public. Woman loves love, but she abhors mechanism. Woman loves to be loved, but she hates to be captured. We speak of the Absolute Woman—woman unsophisticated, when wild in woods the noble savagess ran away from the noble savage, her earrings of mountain-ash coral twinkling against the green, and her form tremulous like a jelly with the speed of her flight. Fly she did. The testimony of the first noble savage is express. "I turned—*she fled*," says he to the "sociable angel." The fact is, she saw something in his eye that she did not like. To go on loving and loving—that is beautiful; but to clip the ambrosial wings and cage them by a preconcerted mechanism—that is abhorrent to the heart of the natural, unsophisticated woman. Nor less so to the heart of cultivated woman when love itself, or the first fluttering heart-throbs that beat the air upwards to the heaven of love stir in the spirit of the young maiden. If you have ever listened with an ear-trumpet at a *trou-de-Judas* to the innocent sweet talk of two girls of seventeen when the candle is out and the sleep not yet in, you know what that talk is. It is of love—eternal, innocent love, and eternal union, too, but not of the mechanical operation of getting married.

"Oft in my silly wanderings,  
I've wished this little isle had wings,  
And we, within its fairy bowers,  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Far from the cruel and the cold,  
Where not a pulse should beat but ours;  
Where the bright eyes of angels only  
Should come around us to behold  
A Paradise so pure and lonely,  
Where we might live, love, die alone!"

We fear the lines are loosely quoted, but that's the sort of thing for woman. In the LVth of the "Lettres Persanes" of Montesquieu, Rica writes from Paris to Ibben, with horror and disgust of the definiteness in time and place of the marriage-rite among the Christians. "On sait toujours, chose

honteuse! le moment . . . et, sans consulter les astres, on peut prédire au juste"—it is not necessary to quote the whole passage. But if there is anything woman abhors, it is being predicted about in her love matters "sans consulter les astres." She has no objection to consult the stars, or the daisies—"he loves me, loves me not,"—or the birds—"tell me, cuckoo, fair and fine!"—or the coffee-grounds, or the cards; but she hates the inductive process in love matters applied by people who have no business with her. It is only the natural inconsequence of the sex which makes them take to social science meetings—unless, indeed, we say, instead, that scientific women, fond of averages and regulative conceptions and social mechanisms, are hybrid beings. Look at a rose at sunset; it is a bud. Look at it in the morning; it is a flower. That is the kind of thing woman loves. She may read Mr. Buckle as much as she likes; her natural tendency is still to the sweet unconscious stealth of nature; and as soon as ever she sees a science of society really taking light, she will snuff it out in disgust. Philosophy must abolish woman before it is able to predict conduct, or regulate human life; and if you abolish woman, there will obviously be no life left to predict, for we have all heard of parthenogenesis, but who ever heard of the converse?

To return to marriage. The intervention of the priest in the matter is so much like an incantation to women, that we suspect they all rather like it. This is not the case with men. Men hate their wives to go and get churched. "What has anybody else to do with my baby?" says Mr. Briggs to himself. There is an able and excellent Congregational minister now living, who endeavoured to put down in his congregation that kind of churching which is not uncommon among Dissenters, and he did it by saying one Sunday morning—"A member of the congregation desires to return public thanks for private mercies." But women love the minister, and if there could be devised some scheme of private *betrothal* in which the minister officiated, and some way of adding a civil sanction, but without the public and definite formality of "getting married," unsophisticated woman would (*style choisi!*) hail with great satisfaction such an arrangement. The unwatched mystery of the blowing rose—that is the young heart's first conception of love; and, among the best natures, "getting married" is an idea that brings with it a shock. Who can see the butterfly hovering over the head of a registered Psyche? And as the parson told Solomon Macey, "it's the regester as does it."

Yet it is notorious that a good many women get married. You may even see marriages advertised, if you look. Among civilized savages in all nations the blowing-rose conception is scouted. People *will* interfere. They get up breakfasts, and stick ribbons on the carcasses of irrelevant coachmen. They propose toasts, and make the rosebud cry. They send the couple away to some place in Bradshaw which they all know. They throw shoes. They cut jokes. They ring bells. Among the vulgar they make jangling noises with pots and kettles, marrow-bones and cleavers, in front of the house to which the couple have been pursued. In fact, everybody knows, and everybody meddles. "Chose honteuse!" as Rica says.

Not that we would too severely condemn the innocent curiosity of common natures. "Charles proposed to me yesterday," said Alice to Maud, living out somewhere in Massachusetts. "Oh, *du* tell! I *du* so admire to know!" said Maud. "Well, dear, . . . he put his arm round my waist, and he asked me if I'd hev him, and . . . I said yes . . . and, golly! didn't he squeeze and kiss me!" This was harmless in its way, but it stamps the people. That is crockery love. But nothing can be told in detail about the joys of love, any more than about the joys of heaven. "Ask no questions and you'll hear no stories"—the child's rebuff is good here. Those who as yet stand without, are like people watching a lighted palace with veiled casements, and listening to the music within—

"Io, Hymen Hymenæe, io;  
Io, Hymen Hymenæe!"

Try what you can get out of that. You won't get anything more. You will get a ticket for the British Museum library? That will not help you. You will gain nothing, and you may lose something; and remember that "violets plucked the sweetest showers will ne'er make grow again."

The vulgarest and most misleading of all the communications which pretend to lead you by a back way into the luminous palace are those which enlarge upon the convenience and comfort of married life to the man. As if any man could not make his own tea, or sew on a button:—

"Then spake the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull—  
'I say God made the woman for the man,'



And for the good and increase of the world.  
A pretty face is well, and this is well,  
To have a dame indoors that trims us up,  
And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways  
Seem but the theme of writers, and, indeed,  
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.  
I say God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world.

'Parson,' said I, 'you pitch the pipe too low.'

Pitch the pipe too low, indeed? The man knew nothing about it; and if it were not for the express statement of the Prayer-book that the unworthiness of the minister does not vitiate his official acts, we should say that the couples who had been married by Edward Bull ought all to have got married over again. Far better be married by a blacksmith without a theory, than by a clergyman with a theory that ought to be smothered. Yet women—sophisticated by civilized life—lend themselves far too much to this view of the subject. Why, we have even been told that one great reason why men do not get married nowadays is that women cannot cook mutton-chops and potatoes. *Sine Baccho et Cerere friget Venus.* No doubt. The most terribly cruel punishment ever inflicted by the Inquisition was to shut a fond couple up for ever, giving them, however, light and air enough to live by while a certain limited amount of food lasted them. During his first courtship, David Copperfield lived principally "on coffee and Dora," and very good living too; yet without mutton-chops and potatoes even Venus Urania freezes. But are we to believe that any man who loved a woman was deterred from marrying her by the knowledge that she was not a good cook? Do roses cook? Do the seraphim? Did ever a man marry because he wanted a potato? Did ever woman love her husband that could not learn to cook? If things came to the worst, can't a man do his own cooking, or send out for his dinner to a cook-shop? The ruffian who talks of potatoes knows nothing of the "inly touch of love."

It is this unfortunate tendency to indulge men in the ruffianly view of marriage that permits them to decline so shamefully, after marriage, from the higher point of view. An unfortunate wife once complained that, whereas, when she was first married, her husband used to lace up all the holes of her stays for her in the morning, he gradually dropped the attention, hole by hole, till at last she had to do it all by herself! Still worse was the case of another lady—a gentle, fairy-like creature, as frail as a honeysuckle, and we believe much sweeter. "Take away your great cold hoofs," said her husband to her one very cold night, when her feet happened to touch his, as they were composing themselves for sleep. "Ah!" said the poor girl, "when we were first married you used to say, 'Where are your dear little footsy-tootsies?'" It is heart-rending stories like this—alas, too common!—which seem to emphasize the necessity of the training of the imagination under the soft yoke of love. "We are shortly going," said an unfortunate, gifted woman, who had honoured a vulgar-souled man by making him a father—"we are going shortly to try if we have imagination enough to keep our hearts warm." She meant, they were going to expose themselves to the trials of housekeeping together, and the incalculable difficulties which come with a family. In the enormous majority of cases, to marry is to sacrifice far more comfort and convenience than is gained at the same time. With a great many happy couples there is no need of what Mary Wollstonecroft meant by "imagination," because they never have ideals, and so, by use and wont alone, a sincere attachment grows into affection. But with those natures which in their normal action sublimate everything in their lives, the height to which passion has lifted them is so great that, unless they continue to employ their imaginative vision in married life, "your pretty little footsy-tootsies" may soon become "your great cold hoofs." This exercise of the "imagination" may be described by another name: it is only a form of fidelity or truthfulness—simple-hearted adherence to the best thing that we have known or seen or felt. We cannot always be on the heights, but we can always remember that we have been there, and that the heights exist. After, and amidst the beautiful bowery places in our lives, come, of necessity,

"the arid tracts  
Where only faith or duty acts:"

and it is then that we need all that imagination in the high sense can do for us; not to make real the spectral, or to cozen ourselves in any way, but to keep the garland of life from trailing in the dust while we go about inevitable duties, or confront inevitable disgusts. No man, except Edward Bull, can be happy in married life unless he sees more in it than,

according to the old formula of the Puritan prayer, he "can ask or even think of"—

"A promise and a mystery,  
A pledge of more than passing life,  
Yea, in that very name of wife!"

These lines come from Coleridge's most exquisite poem of "The Happy Husband," and it would be a sin against the subject not to complete the quotation:—

"A pulse of love that ne'er can sleep!  
A feeling that upbraids the heart  
With happiness beyond desert,  
That gladness half requests to weep!  
Nor bless I not the keener sense  
And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting  
From jealous fears, or coy denying;  
But born beneath Love's brooding wing,  
And into tenderness soon dying,  
Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
Resign the soul to Love again;—

A more precipitated vein  
Of notes that eddy in the flow  
Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
And leave their sweeter understrain  
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee  
That seems, yet cannot greater be!"

Is not that beautiful? It speaks, in a whisper, too, the real reason why men and women are shy of speech on love matters.

We cannot close this article without warning people against "manuals" of married happiness, especially against those which assume a religious character. Men of the clerical type are usually the least able of all men to speak true words on the subject of love and marriage. They get themselves into logical tangles, and then they mislead others. There are clap-trap "Guides" and "Books for the Honeymoon," "Counsels to the Newly-Wedded," and the like, which sell by the thousand, but which simply recall to honest minds Mrs. Adams's angry intervention when Parson Adams is rebuking Joseph for his transports on his wedding-day (not a touch of nature, for men are usually limp and dull on the wedding-day). "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, nor even to doat on her to distraction." "Indeed, but it is," says Adams; "we are to love her with moderation and discretion." "I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavours," says Joseph, "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure." "You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams. "Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of the conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. Marry, come up, fine doctrine indeed! Why you should endeavour to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise. Do not hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too." And to the same effect the modern poet of married life—

"Keep measure in love? More light befall  
Thy sanctity, and make it less!  
Be sure I will not love at all,  
Where all my love would be excess."

Nothing is, in fact, more utterly misleading than the indescribable twang or tone which haunts the manner in which the subject of marriage is usually treated in the religious vein. What Jeremy Taylor was we all know, but in his "Holy Living and Holy Dying" there are entanglements of thought upon the subject of married life which must make even the dullest smile. For instance, he winds up a series of restrictive directions with the final clause—"or to endear each other;" and the reader sees, with a smile, and perhaps a blush of "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," that all the other clauses might have been omitted. Curiously enough, the best English book (in which marriage is treated) for an ordinary Englishman to hand to his daughters is an eighteenth-century work—Dr. Gregory's "Legacy to his Daughters." The good old doctor was not an idealist, and his letters to his motherless girls leave much to wish for; but he was a sensible, tender-hearted man, who had been fond of his own wife. In those last words lies the secret which gives his brief, but frank, counsels their value. Readers who can bear nauseating may, if they please, contrast Dr. Gregory's tenderness in writing to girls about marriage with a filthy and insolent letter on the same subject by Dean Swift. And then—not to close with anything so unheavenly, when our very title expresses the gate of Paradise—let them read Spenser's "Epithalamion" on his own marriage. We are sorry to be forced to add—if they can get it. For every library does not contain Spenser complete, and we have come nowadays to such



a pass that Mr. Palgrave, in a collection like the "Golden Treasury," is forced to say (p. 311) of a spousal song by the creator of

"Heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb,"

that he "omits it with great reluctance, as not in harmony with modern manners." What does the author of the "Faery Queen" think, as he treads on asphodel up *there*, of "mammæ" down here?

#### THE NEW PLAY AT DRURY LANE.

THE first reflection suggested by Mr. Halliday's "King o' Scots" is that the piece was written for Mr. Phelps; and the second is that the scenes in which Mr. Phelps does not appear might be with advantage cut out. The "King o' Scots" is a good play, with one unmistakably marked and definite character, plenty of effective scenes, and some tolerably smart dialogue; but it is unnecessarily prolix. We know that the public, as a rule, do not make allowances for the exigencies of spectacular dramas; they do not reflect that while the carpenters are busy arranging one of those splendid scenes, without which no modern drama has a chance of success, something must be going on, and you cannot have all your most prominent characters running on and off the stage for no particular reason. Now there are several scenes in the "King o' Scots" which require much arrangement, and they are decidedly worth waiting for. Making every allowance, however, for these technical necessities, we fancy Mr. Halliday's drama could be considerably cut down with great benefit to itself and much relief to the audience. The Lady Hermione, Dame Suddlechops, Jin Vin, and others, all talk too much. Indeed, Jin Vin (not Mr. Irving, who played the part remarkably well) is a gratuitous nuisance, and tempts one to say harder things of the garrulity and idiocy of the London apprentices than could ever have been said by their masters. There is one scene occurring near the end of the second act, between Jin Vin and Dame Suddlechops, which is simply dangerous to any man of a choleric and apoplectic habit of mind and body.

The chief feature of the new drama is the character of James I.—the dull, pedantic, vain, shrewd, and cunning king, who ought to be called James VI., to distinguish him from the gentle, scholarly, and chivalrous James I. of Scotland. Mr. Halliday has very cleverly seized the dramatic possibilities of the King's character, and has skilfully constructed scenes for the exhibition of its marked self-contradictions and amusing weaknesses. Working upon this material, Mr. Phelps has struck out an impersonation which has very decided individuality, and consequent force and interest. His James I. must rank among the most striking of his characters. The dramatic scope of the part is far greater than that of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, with which most people will compare it. Mr. Phelps's Bailie is remarkably good; but it never surprises one. The character and the action are alike obvious; one knows what is coming, and the consistency of the part borders upon monotony. His James I. is full of variety—full of those odd perversities or inconsistencies of speech, behaviour, and thought which give life and point and interest to a dramatic figure. The angular, jerky motions of the King's intellect and conduct are much more striking as a study than the dull level of the Bailie's good-natured common sense. At one moment James I. is a pedantic fool, a prey to the absurdest superstitions; the next he is a crafty Scot, making shrewd bargains with his jeweller; again he is visited with an astounding self-consciousness, and humorously chuckles over his own narrow ways; and presently he is a pompous and conceited sovereign, talking balderdash about his sublime mission, and at the same time almost suggesting that if his courtiers believe him to be what he says he is, they are greater fools than he had expected. To whomsoever we may attribute the first conception of the character, there can be no doubt that it is admirably fitted for the stage, and that Mr. Halliday and Mr. Phelps together have at least produced a James I. differing considerably from the various people whom we have known under the name. The character is not only dramatically fine, but it is probable enough to stand for the real James I., and as such we doubt not most visitors to the theatre will consider it. Whether James I. does or does not suffer by the representation matters little to him; while historical purists are not likely to go out of their way to declaim against the misrepresentations of a modern spectacular drama.

It is needless to give here any outline of the story, which, with some modifications, is that of "The Fortunes of Nigel." We have spoken of the construction of the piece, and the opportunities afforded by it to the principal character; it remains only to mention the manner in which it has been put

upon the stage. The action of the story naturally falls into three sections; and each of these sections has been graced by an admirably-appointed scene. Indeed, the scenery of the play is one of its best features, relieving us from that hideous nightmare of false realism which has so settled down upon our modern stage. The Fleet-street scene, and the representation of old London Bridge, are undoubtedly among the very finest specimens of the scene-painter's art which we have recently witnessed; and their effect is strengthened by the carefully appropriate costumes of the people who pass and repass before us. And if modern audiences *will* have realism, Drury Lane offers them a real live pack of staghounds, which run across the stage in pursuit of a red deer. The run is supposed to take place in Greenwich Park; and an actual stag is hauled upon the stage—a stuffed and stiff-legged monster which the hounds refuse to look at. On the whole, however, the scenery and appointments are excellent. As to the acting—which, in these days, naturally comes after the scenery—Mr. Phelps is very well supported by a good company. Miss Heath's Margaret Ramsay is pretty, and tender, and graceful. Mrs. Frank Matthews is Mrs. Frank Matthews. A word of praise is certainly due to Miss Fanny Addison for her very effective playing of a quite unimportant part. The whole of the miser-scene seems to have been introduced for the purpose of bringing Mr. Phelps upon the stage in another dress, and killing him to the music of "Down Among the Dead Men." We could have done without the scene; but, as it is, Miss Fanny Addison added a singular, half-lurid effect to it by her quiet, constrained rendering of the miser's daughter. Mr. Price's Nigel is good. Mr. McIntyre's Captain Colepepper certainly does not want vigour; but we might ask him not to confuse the gestures of a helpless idiot with those of a half-helpless drunkard. Mr. Addison's George Heriot is quiet and appropriate; and Mr. G. Cumming's Richie Moniplies is really a very excellent piece of acting—to say nothing of the unusually accurate Scotch which he talked.

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. HUGHES retires from the representation of Lambeth, and will, it is said, become a candidate for Frome, in the place of Sir Henry Rawlinson, who is nominated to the Indian Council. If we remember aright, Mr. Hughes commenced his candidature for re-election in Lambeth by declining to pay any expenses connected with his future return for that borough, on the ground that he was serving his constituents, and ought not to be expected to pay for that privilege. Mr. Hughes was quite right; but unfortunately there are other candidates who do not object to pay handsomely, and who engage public-houses, committee-rooms, and bill-stickers innumerable. We cannot but fear that Mr. Hughes, with his many excellent qualifications, has been deserted, perhaps with a sigh, for a wealthier, if less interesting rival.

A MEMORIAL, signed by a large number of well-known politicians and other gentlemen, has been submitted to the Prime Minister, regarding the cession to Canada of the Hudson's Bay Company territories. The memorial prays the Government to take into consideration the Indian title to the soil of Rupert's Land, which the Company has hitherto ignored, and to make some arrangement for the peaceable and equitable disposal of the Indian claims. This is demanded both as a matter of justice, and as a matter of expediency—so that no collision may arise between the Indians and the expected Canadian settlers. The memorial goes on to say—"In the United States' unoccupied lands west of St. Paul, Minnesota, Indian hostilities are of frequent occurrence; and it often happens that bands of Sioux and other tribes escape into British territory from the pursuit of American troops, thereby occasioning great alarm to our fellow subjects at Red River. The introduction of this disturbing element on our side of the frontier will become still more undesirable when the country undergoes the process of settlement, and we would respectfully suggest the expediency of appointing a joint British and American Commission for the purpose of arranging the affairs of the frontier, especially with a view to promote the settlement and civilization of the Indians on both sides of the boundary line." Mr. Disraeli has promised to take the matter into consideration.

MR. DAYMAN, the magistrate, made a strange declaration the other day at the Hammersmith Police-court. The relieving



officer of the parish had made application for a summons against a man for neglecting to bury his wife, who had recently died. Decomposition had set in, and the body had become not merely a nuisance but a peril to the neighbourhood. Under these circumstances, the parish had buried the corpse at an expense of fifteen shillings, and the object of the summons was of course to obtain repayment from the husband, who, it seems, in pursuance of a custom rather common among the uneducated, had turned the death of his wife into an excuse for debauchery, and had spent all his money in drink. The magistrate said "he was not aware of any law which gave him power to interfere. It had been decided that a man was not bound to bury his child, though its body might be in a most offensive and dangerous condition, unless he had the means to do so." He suggested that the parish might recover the expenses in the county court. The relieving officer feared not, and believed the magistrate had power to deal with the case. Mr. Dayman again declared he knew of no such power, and so the case ended. Now, this is a serious state of things. Supposing an affectionate survivor to drink away his means on the cheerful occasion of a death happening in his family, and supposing the parish refuse to bury, out of a doubt as to its power to recover, half a street may be infected. The ancient Egyptians used to keep their dead beside them in the shape of mummies; the ancient Greeks and Romans preserved theirs, after the process of cremation, in the form of cleanly and inodorous ashes, enclosed in some graceful urn. Both these customs were harmless, and in some respects beautiful; but the man who leaves an unburied body to fester in a close neighbourhood is a criminal, whom the law should have some power to coerce, unless he is honestly destitute of means, when the charge should fall on the parish.

WE have never been disposed to think highly of the betting fraternity; but a statement made at the Marlborough-street police-court on Tuesday reveals a new feature of rascality, of which we were not previously aware. A waiter at the Albany Restaurant, Piccadilly, was summoned for detaining a letter directed to a betting agent at Kennington. The waiter was one of the pestilent fry of betting men, and, knowing that the complainant, like other betting agents, was in the habit of receiving letters containing sovereigns or notes for the purpose of backing certain horses on commission, he went to his house, and obtained a letter from his landlady, on the pretext that he would deliver it to the agent, who was absent. Mr. Hutchinson, who appeared for the complainant, said "it was a common practice among a certain class of betting men to steal letters addressed to betting agents. Some agents had their letters addressed to the post-office; this enabled fraudulent persons who knew of the circumstance to go and get these letters, which, as they mostly contain money, was the means of great confusion, and of bringing the characters of respectable betting agents into question." The defendant was committed for trial; but what a glimpse does the case afford into the whole pursuit! Mr. Hutchinson also stated that one person would advertise as betting agent, another would go and get the money, and the sender had no redress.

THE incident in the trial of Madame Rachel relative to the water-mark in the note paper has been much discussed. Mr. Roberts, the prisoner's attorney, tried to fasten some responsibility concerning the matter on the shoulders of Mr. Roche, one of the under-sheriffs. Mr. Roche has, we think, disposed of the charge by mentioning the facts, which were that he was merely consulted by Mr. Commissioner Kerr as an officer in the court who might be expected, when called upon, to assist the judge in scrutinizing documents. A motion for a new trial is spoken of. Meantime, the convict has now begun her new career. Her carte, with that of Mrs. Borradaile, was published this week, but both were bought up so quickly that not a copy could be had the day after their appearance. How does the sale of Sahara water and magnetic soap go on during all this time? There was a rumour that a certain number of Madame Rachel's patrons had intended to present her with a memorial if she had only escaped the law. We are curious to learn the shape it was likely to have assumed.

A CURIOUS scene took place in the Dublin Rotunda the other evening. A gentleman was exhibiting there an automaton wax-work representation of the Fenian execution at Manchester. The ghastly show was complete in all its details. At the point in the performance when Calcraft was to pull the bolt, a

number of persons rushed on the stage and demolished the whole moving collection of figures in about ten seconds. The attack was made so suddenly and with such vigour that before the audience had recovered from their surprise at the interlude, it was over. We confess we think the proprietor of the puppets deserves little sympathy. It is only a wonder his head was not smashed along with that of his wax hangman.

MRS. MURPHY, the wife of Murphy, the notorious anti-popery lecturer, has commenced a series of lectures at Hulme similar to those which her husband, a short time ago, was prevented from continuing, in consequence of the riots attending them. This is too bad. Murphy on the confessional was indecent. Mrs. Murphy, on such a topic, must be simply disgusting. What will Miss Becker say to this?

AN important Church Congress is being held in Dublin. The Dean of Cork preached the opening sermon on Tuesday. The nation, he said, was becoming godless, and infidelity was the natural consequence of the conduct of Governments towards Churches. The Archbishop of Dublin stated that the Congress had no party meaning, and was not intended to demonstrate any particular system of theology. The assembly was also addressed by the Attorney-General. It appears that Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Stephens differ from the Irish law officers on the score of the authority of provincial synods, the former holding that it cannot be lawful; the latter, that its invocation is in the power of the Metropolitan. This was also spoken of at the Congress. Provincial Synods have been in disuse in Ireland since the Reformation.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER seems to hold a constant retainer for all classes of queer clients who require whitewashing. Queen Isabella's "Bleeding Nun" and the favourite confessor of her Majesty were presented by him recently in the *Times* as persons of consummate virtue and prudence. Sir George Bowyer in this way discharges a special and interesting function, which we should regret to see him abandon. He tells the third side of every story, the world believing that there can only be two, if it admits as much. Besides, it must be said we are often gulled by stories from abroad, especially by those which are prepared for strong religious appetites, and Sir George Bowyer is at least determined that we shall swallow nothing without getting his account of the cookery.

THE Chinese Embassy is staying at the Grosvenor Hotel, and the hideous flag of the country, a sort of black hybrid between a dragon and a snake spread upon a yellow ground, may be seen daily flaunting outside the drawing-room windows of the Grosvenor. Could not some sort of special attention be paid to these Chinese gentlemen? As the Houses of Commons and Lords are not sitting, we imagine the time must hang heavily on their hands. They cannot be much interested in our election contests. Of course, they may have important business to transact with the Foreign Office, but that cannot occupy them altogether. In America the most distinguished men met together to honour this Embassy; it is unfortunate that it should have arrived here at a period when London is comparatively deserted.

THE Countess of Derwentwater, dressed as an Austrian officer, boots and all complete, has made an entry upon her ancestral residence, Dilston Old Castle. She brought furniture and "retainers" into the place, which was unroofed to such an extent that tarpaulins had to be provided to keep out the rain. Her ladyship was waited on in a short time by Mr. C. G. Grey, the receiver to the Greenwich Hospital estates, that body claiming Dilston Old Castle as their property. Mr. Grey was told by the Countess that she was acting under advice. But under whose advice did she adopt the costume of an Austrian officer? There is evidence of some slight eccentricity in this portion of the proceedings at least.

SOME officers of a "crack" regiment are said to have been misconducting themselves in a most ruffianly fashion at the Curragh Camp, and we are glad to perceive that Lord Strathnairn has ordered an inquiry to be held on the subject. Practical joking prevails at the Curragh to a very indecent extent, and we trust that the most severe punishment will fall upon



any blackguards who may be proved to have annoyed a lady and child, frightening both nearly out of their senses by attaching squibs and fuses to the roof of the hut where they were.

AN Oxford undergraduate compares the cost of living at Oxford with the mess expense of a line officer, and shows that the former is in every way the worse off. The regimental breakfast costs tenpence, the Oxford ditto two shillings; a cheap dinner at the University comes to half a crown at least, while in barracks you may fare comfortably for threepence less, and have, of course, superior attendance and appointments. The Oxford undergraduate must remember, however, that the wine charges of the mess, which are virtually imperative on every officer, very soon alter the balance of this reckoning. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that both in lodging and in maintenance there is great room for reformation in Oxford.

THE manner in which our streets are unprotected at nights is really becoming a serious matter. A letter in the *Times*, signed "Z." gives an account of a brutal attack on a shopman at the corner of Westmoreland-street, Pimlico, on Tuesday evening. A friend of the writer of this note was passing by the same quarter on Tuesday at half-past ten, and was stopped by a ruffian, who came up and held him for a moment by the arm. It was with great difficulty this gentleman disengaged himself, and took to his heels; and he went on for more than a mile before he met a constable.

THE *Great Eastern* has been prepared to receive the new tanks for the telegraph cable to be laid between Brest and the United States. She was, however, put under legal arrest. Messrs. George Forrest & Co. have a claim against the Great Ship Company for £36,000, and Mr. Commissioner Rotheby ordered that a commission should be appointed to remove the ship to Sheerness on the deposit of policies to the amount of £40,000—the removal to be at the expense of the company, and an undertaking given as to the care of the articles on board.

THE disappointed pugilists who were not allowed to fight for the championship, contemplate, it is said, a brisk encounter with gloves. Goss is very anxious to try conclusions in this way; his bail, however, it appears, have expressed an objection to such a settlement on the grounds that the men might break the peace in the course of it. The objection appears to the uninitiated substantial enough.

CONSOLS are at  $94\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  for money and the account. There have been some fluctuations in railway stocks, and prices have declined. Foreign stocks are unaltered, with the exception of Spanish securities, which have been affected by the telegrams. Colonial Government securities continue steady. Bank shares have been dull, and prices, in a few instances, have given way. A somewhat active business has been done in mines. Transactions in financial and miscellaneous shares have not been above the average. The subjoined resolutions have been passed by the Stock Exchange Committee:—Atlantic and Great Western.—"That the Atlantic and Great Western Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, ex coupons, to be funded from April, 1867, to January, 1871, both inclusive, be quoted in the official list." Great Western.—"That the Great Western 'Original' Five per Cent. Rent Charge Stock, be quoted in the official list." "That the 'Original' Five per Cent., and 'Joint' Five per Cent. Rent Charge Stocks, of the Great Western Railway, being of equal value, be deliverable indiscriminately, and quoted as follows:—The Great Western 'Original' and 'Joint' Rent Charge Perpetual Guaranteed Five per Cent. Preference Stocks." With reference to the India Four per Cent. Stock Certificates, the coupons of which will be exhausted on the 10th of October, the Bank of England have given notice that new certificates, with coupons attached, will be exchanged at the chief cashier's office, on and after the 14th of October, upon the old certificates being left three days for examination. The *Investors' Guardian* gives the following list of companies registered during last week:—Imperial Plate Glass—capital £20,000, in £5 shares. Bethesda Town-hall and Market—capital £3,000, in £1 shares. Shanklin Bay Estate—capital 20,000, in £20 shares. North Shields Turkish Bath—capital £1,200, in £5 shares. Mitcheldean Waterworks—capital £300, in £1 shares. The position of the market for American securities is noticed as follows in a circular issued this day by

Messrs. E. F. Satterthwaite & Co.:—"The principal feature in the London market for American securities since our last has been the advance in United States 10-40 Bonds and Illinois Central shares. This day week both of these securities were relatively lower here than in New York, but on an improved demand, especially for Illinois Central shares, the price has been put up until they have risen above American quotations. United States 5-20 Bonds of 1862 close 73 to  $\frac{1}{4}$ , the 1865 issue  $71\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and 10-40's  $67\frac{3}{4}$  to  $68\frac{1}{4}$ . Erie shares were at one time dealt in as high as  $33\frac{3}{4}$ , but on lower prices yesterday and to-day, by telegram, they have reacted to 31 to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Illinois shares are last quoted 95 to  $\frac{1}{2}$ . There have been numerous transactions in Atlantic and Great Western Consolidated Bonds, which leave off 39 to  $\frac{1}{2}$ , after having touched  $40\frac{1}{4}$ ."

At the meeting of the Rock Life Assurance Company it was stated that the profits realized in the preceding seven years amounted to £540,417, and that during that period the business of the company had increased nearly 50 per cent., the new premiums averaging £12,000 per annum. At the half-yearly meeting of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, held in Sydney on the 24th of July, the net profits for the six months ended the 30th of June were stated at £39,322, and the usual dividend was declared at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, with 5s. bonus, making together 17 per cent. This absorbed £34,000, leaving an undivided balance of £5,322. The reserve fund remains at £110,000. The first annual general meeting of the Commercial and General Co-operative Society (Limited), has been held at the offices, Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street. Captain Holman, the chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the shareholders on the state of their transactions since the commencement of business, and showed that the society, having started under good auspices and valuable support, had been enabled to obtain a position sufficient of itself to secure a successful business. On comparing the transactions of the first four months of the present year with the corresponding period of 1867, the value of the orders executed from the stores showed a very considerable increase. The report was adopted. At the meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China on the 21st of October, the directors will recommend an interim dividend for the past half-year at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. At the fifth ordinary general meeting of the Mauritius Land Credit and Agency Company (Limited), the directors' report and statement of accounts were unanimously adopted, and the usual dividend of 10 per cent. (free of income-tax) was declared for the year ended the 30th June last, payable the 5th of October. The interest due on the 30th September, on the debentures of the Consolidated Land Company of France (Limited), is advertised for payment. The Crédit Foncier of Mauritius (Limited) have distributed an interim dividend of 7s. 6d. per share, or at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum. The accounts for the half-year ended the 30th of June, received from Mauritius "show that the company continues to make steady and satisfactory progress. The fever was gradually subsiding, and the coming crop would yield, it was estimated, a larger quantity of sugar than either of the two previous ones."

THE half-yearly interest on the Trinidad Government 6 per Cent. Public Buildings and Tramroad Debentures, due on the 30th September, on the Victoria Government 5 per Cent. (Melbourne, Mount Alexander, and Murray River) Debentures, and on the British Columbia Government 6 per Cent. Debentures expiring in 1894, due on October 1, is advertised for payment by the Crown agents for the colonies. The coupons of No. 12 A and No. 10 B bonds of the Società Italiana per le Strade Ferrate Meridionali Company, due October 1, will be paid by Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., on and after that date, at the rate of 5s. 5d. per coupon, being 6s. interest less 7d. for the State tax. The dividend warrants of the Boston City Sterling  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per Cents., and the New Brunswick 6 per Cent. Bonds, due October 1, are announced for payment by Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. The bonds of the Consolidated Peruvian 5 per Cent. Loan of 1865, drawn on account of the sinking fund on the 1st July, amounting to £289,800, will be paid off at par by Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co., on and after 1st October. The half-yearly dividend due on the 10th October on the Imperial Turkish 6 per Cent. Loan of £3,000,000, of 1854, is announced for payment at the office of Messrs. Dent, Palmer, & Co. The bonds drawn in July last will be paid off at par at the same time. The numbers are published of 28 bonds of £100 each, and one of £500, of the Danish 5 per Cent. Loan of 1864, drawn in March last, which have been



cancelled, and of 60 bonds, representing £7,300, which have been drawn for payment at par on the 1st January next. The half-yearly dividends on the Russian Anglo-Dutch 5 per Cent. Bonds of the Loans of 1864-6, together with 647 bonds of the latter, drawn in July, will be payable at the offices of Messrs. Baring & Co. on and after Oct. 15. The half-yearly dividend on the Swedish Loan of 1864, due on the 15th inst., is announced for payment in due course by Messrs. Schröder & Co.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE TREATMENT OF POST-OFFICE EMPLOYÉS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—As you have printed my letter on some of the grievances of Post-office employés, perhaps you will allow me to say a few words on the treatment suffered by the men. It is necessarily a somewhat difficult and invidious task; but as the truth of what I shall write may be relied upon, and no names will be mentioned, it is possible that some good may arise from the discussion.

Sorting clerks and sorters being a very large and important class in the Post Office, I will first glance at their duties, and the difficulties under which these are performed—for the present supposing the treatment experienced to be merely the result of a too heartless zeal on the part of the executive. Sorters commence at 24s., going up to 30s. by 1s. annual increment; thence up to 45s. by 1s. 6d. per year. The duty twelve hours a day, at the least. In large offices the sorting is of two kinds, the one preceding the other, for the attainment of speed and accuracy. I will call the first men the "dividers," and these are expected to sort at least sixty letters per minute into say twenty different divisions. Letters with postage-heads wrongly placed will of course (even after "facing") have to be turned round to be read, and bad MS. will have to be correctly deciphered, at the above rapid rate. The sorter proper then takes them, and sorts forty to fifty per minute into, say twenty other divisions; thus making them ready for despatch, so far as he is concerned. Such labour is really astonishing, and very exhausting to head, eye, and hands; but the three great requirements are quietude, self-possession, and at least the necessary amount of time. To speak of time in the Post-office is as of snow in harvest. The work has of late years so continually grown upon the authorities, and their desire for producing a good annual revenue is so engrossing all other considerations that, as is shown by the last report issued, 400 per cent. increase of revenue has had to be earned by 7 per cent. increase of labour! So we find the great complaint of these sorters to be the scarcity of hands, and therefore of time to the employed. All through the day, but especially just before a delivery or the starting of a mail, the utmost efforts are made to get out of the men an inordinate amount of duty; and yet the slightest mistakes are punished unsparingly. Just when the men should be cool and collected, at the most critical moments—now when registered letters are being made up, and mails dispatched—the threats and annoyances commence. The Controller, in his anxiety, goads them on continually, using hard, and occasionally very strong language; threatening to report and dismiss if the mail be lost, but making no allowance for what he knows to be the fewness of hands. Old, well-trained servants may sometimes disregard the noise and oburgations, but the newcomers and young, fearful sorters tremble in "the presence;" so "losing their hands," as it is termed, and becoming very liable to the commission of errors. The men themselves affirm that this is one of the main causes of the mistakes that do occur. Names are so much alike in sound and orthography, some directions so illegible, others so vague, the multiplicity of duty so great, the things to be remembered so many, that the interior of the Post-office should be more like a private bank, for quietude, than the purlieus of a London railway-station.

The special injustice is that not only do the men have to bear with the unhappinesses themselves, but with all the consequences they may induce in their workmanship. The fines are:—For mis-sending registered letters, 1s. in each case; but if a bag of them goes wrong (just as easy a proceeding) the mulct is something enormous. For passing a wrongly headed bill, 1s. For other mistakes, a 1s. fine or severe lecture, with a written explanation required, or suspension, or dismissal. The letter-carriers also have to do a large portion of the stamping and sorting work gratuitously, besides being carefully and heavily fined for any mistake in their unpaid labours. Thus the carrier is brought to the office from one to one and a

half hours earlier than he would otherwise be required, during the whole of which time he has to work in a highly-heated atmosphere, as a sudden introduction, it may be, to the cold and sleet on his exterior "walks." These walks, in the case of a 14s. auxiliary, will perhaps consist of general posts, threes, and sixes, i.e., he commences at 5.30 a.m., finishes at 9 a.m., starts again at 2.30 p.m., finishes at 6 p.m., back again at 7 p.m., gets home at half-past 9 or 10 p.m., if living at a distance. The permanent staff men are similarly situated. Amid the hurry of such establishments, the letter-carriers have to divide honours with the sorters in the way of "little attentions" from the controllers, receiving his "Now then, you Smith, stick 'em up! Jones, move faster, or I'll report yer! Robinson, sort away; no sleeping here, mind!" with a resignation born of despair and the parent of chronic dissatisfaction. In addition, the latter have columns of names continually to encounter—names of persons who have removed, and whose letters must be therefore re-directed. Given a sufficient amount of time, the thing is easy; but, in the midst of hurry and fear, misreadings must occur, and letters be sent unnecessarily to the Dead Office; when, if discovered, severe punishment is sure to follow. At the N. D. O., as at other offices, they know what this "driving" means. Starting from home at about twenty minutes to four a.m., and getting finished about half-past seven p.m., or later, is enough to make even incontinent drowsiness something less than a crime! Surely, in all such cases, it would be possible and better to give, say eight hours' work straight off, than to extend it over twelve or fourteen hours, leaving no interval of any value between! Both the provincial towns and London speak alike on the above matters.

The grievances are so numerous, and of such magnitude, that I can but intimate others in this communication. In the way our Post Office establishment is conducted, the authorities coming into immediate contact with the workers, are virtually their absolute masters, against whose decision and conduct there is no appeal. Discharging on suspicion is a Post Office institution; that is to say, one man's character and prospects may be ruined for life because of another man's undiscovered dishonesty. Out of the Post Office we are bound, in common justice, to consider a man innocent until he is found guilty; there he is required to do what is often an impossibility—prove he did not take the stolen article. Another curious idiosyncrasy of the Post Office mind is the determination to have confession of guilt, irrespective of the fact. My Lady Vere de Vere sends her servant to post a letter in a certain pillar-box, to collect from which is the duty of poor John Smith. The letter never reaches, the lady complains, and John Smith is told he must confess. "Do not deny it any longer, sir! Confess at once, or I will dismiss you the service!" So John Smith confesses, receives a severe and long lecture, has the event ticketed against him, and goes on his way repining. Subsequently, the letter is found in a handless pump; but that don't matter to John. A letter carrier is also a peripatetic loan-officer. If he take with him correspondence on which money has to be received, he is debited with the amount by the charge-taker, and has to pay it the next morning, whether he has received it or not—if the letters be not delivered, because the money is not paid, he may get into a scrape in another direction. He is also becoming useful in the accomplishments, and in some of the provincial towns is drilled to march and keep step, in unison with his fellows, as they shoulder the letter-bags to the nearest rail!

The above, Mr. Editor, is not overdrawn, and receives confirmation from the fact that some time in the early part of March last 13,000 letters were mis-sorted at the Southern District Office, and 1,100 at the South-Western Office. It has also been stated that on December 16, 1867, about 40,000 newspapers were delayed at St. Martin's-le-Grand; and that it is not an uncommon thing for hundreds of letters to be kept back a post in the morning, owing to the same cause.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

London, Sept. 28.

G. P. O.

#### MR. MOON'S PUNCTUATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In a cursory inspection of Mr. Moon's recently-issued work, I was surprised to find such a strict and scholarly grammarian utterly regardless of punctuation. On p. 15 I find the following sentence:—

"Both the perfect tense and the imperfect tense, denote a thing that is past."

On p. 108:—



"Is the virtuous indignation against the luckless foreigner, manifested by the horse's legs?"

Mr. Moon, I presume, contends that the comma is necessary in both these cases. But surely it is not correct to separate by a comma the nominative, or nominatives, from the agreeing verb, except where the sentence would otherwise be confused or admit of two meanings. An instance which Mr. Moon himself points out will serve to illustrate this:—

"A word-book of a living language, not extending beyond a single volume" (p. 62).

Here it is allowable to insert a comma after the word "language." But after the word "tense" it is simply absurd, for it divides a sentence conveying but one idea. For the same reason it is not right to place a comma after the word "foreigner," although it would not be incorrect if another were inserted after "indignation;" for then the words "against the luckless foreigner" might be read parenthetically. Still, punctuation of this kind would be considered by most readers "stiff" and inelegant.

The following sentence contains, I submit, an improper use of the semicolon:—

"This language implies that the writer was speaking, not of the circumstance of contingency and the circumstance of futurity; but of two circumstances of contingency" (p. 15).

Here the semicolon after the word "futurity" is too strong: a comma would be the proper point. The sentence conveys the idea of only one affirmation; for although it contains a negative clause, that is inserted parenthetically, and does not constitute a separate affirmation.

These are not solitary instances: the work is completely studded with them. Moreover, that ugly (and useless, in the instances in which Mr. Moon has used it) combination of the semicolon and the dash is sprinkled over the pages with a profusion which, to say the least, is eccentric.

It may be urged that there *are* rules, and that there *are not* rules in punctuation; but those only are acknowledged which are sanctioned by the usage of the best printers. It may likewise be urged that the faulty punctuation in Mr. Moon's book is that of the printer; but in a work displaying so much critical acumen, and such painstaking research into the rights and wrongs of grammatical construction, it surely is not too much to expect that a little attention should be paid to that handmaid of grammar, correct punctuation.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

London, Sept. 29.

S. R.

#### MEMORANDA.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Charles Dickens begins his farewell series of readings in St. James's Hall. We were disposed to deprecate Mr. Dickens's resolution to abandon his Christmas number of *All Year Round*; but those who have heard him give those singularly dramatic and powerful renderings of passages from his own works which were histrionic entertainments rather than readings, will learn with even greater regret that his decision to discontinue the latter is final. On Tuesday evening Mr. Dickens will read Dr. Marigold and the trial-scene from *Pickwick*.

The new publishing season will soon commence, and already we are promised, among other notable works, a new poem by Robert Browning, in four monthly volumes; a memoir of Sir William Hamilton, by Professor Veitch; a memoir of Audubon, by Robert Buchanan; an edition of "Christabel," and other poems of Coleridge, with a preface by Mr. Swinburne; the Countess Guiccioli's Recollections of Lord Byron; and the Emperor Maximilian's Diary in Mexico, to be published by Mr. Bentley, and another novel by the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Mr. Anthony Trollope will begin the publication of a story in weekly numbers, "He Knew He was Right," on the 15th instant.

We learn that there will shortly be issued in Leipsic a work from the pen of Varnhagen von Ense, which is sure to attract attention. The first two volumes of the publication are announced, the title of the work being "Blätter aus der Preussischen Geschichte."

Mr. Longfellow is now engaged in superintending the publication of a new work about to be produced by Messrs. Routledge. It is to be entitled "New England Tragedies." By a recent law the poet is enabled for the first time to secure a copyright in this country. The subject is one from which we may expect a very interesting book, and that Mr. Longfellow is well qualified for his task is proved by his poems of "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish," which, if they do not touch on the tragic memorials of the colony, show that the writer had a keen sympathy with the times and the country of the "Pilgrim Fathers" and the "Mayflower."

We learn that Verdi is about to produce an opera on the story of "Falstaff." By the way, we look with some interest for the appearance of Mr. Mark Lemon in the character of Sir John. His friends speak in the highest terms of Mr. Lemon's performance.

The Haymarket Company is at Manchester, and, suiting their

plays to the sentiment of the period, are acting Mr. Tom Taylor's "Contested Election."

Mr. Mapleson's Italian opera troupe is drawing good houses in Dublin. "Norma," "Figaro," "Marta," "Don Giovanni," "Barbieri di Siviglia," and "Fidelio," have already been performed. Madame Titiens' Norma was enthusiastically received. Herr Formes has turned up again and appeared in "Figaro."

A medical man went this week before a police magistrate to state that coloured socks were poisonous, and brought on sore and swelled feet. He said there was a dye used in tinting them which produced this effect. The matter is so important that we trust it will receive the attention of our chemists and physicians, and be set at rest at once.

Mr. J. McGrigor Allen, F.A.S.L., is engaged upon a work to be entitled "The Moral, Social, and Economical Results of the Use of Tobacco," another counterblast, we believe, against the "obnoxious" or "divine" weed.

The first number of a new series of *Scientific Opinion*, under the same editorship as formerly, is announced for the 4th of November. Somewhat after the plan of *Public Opinion*, the new series of *Scientific Opinion* will contain selected Articles, either condensed or reproduced *tout-entier*, from the leading British and Foreign Scientific Journals; compiled Lists and critical Reviews of recently-published Scientific Works, English and Continental; and Notes, Queries, and Memoranda, concerning all scientific subjects of current interest. The editor also promises to find space for such of his correspondents as may desire to temperately discuss questions relating to science. A really good weekly record of scientific progress at home and abroad is greatly wanted. If *Scientific Opinion* supplies the want, it will be welcomed by scientific men and a host of amateurs.

*Good Words for the Young* is the title of a new magazine for children, of which Messrs. Strahan & Co. will commence the issue in November. The list of contributors includes the author of "The Water Babies," the author of "Poems Written for a Child," the author of "The Magic Mirror," the author of "Lilliput Levee," and others. The magazine will be similar in size to *Good Words*.

The question of shoeing dogs for the stubbles has again been brought forward by a correspondent of *Land and Water* this week. "Tamarack" writes that in America the sleigh dogs are regularly shod. He thinks that if some respectable saddler would bring out a leather shoe for this purpose, he would find the venture profitable.

Is it generally known that the utmost carelessness prevails as to the keeping of the records of the coroners' courts? There is an Act of Parliament on the subject requiring a due registry of the proceedings, but a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* informs the readers of that periodical that his father, who was a coroner in one of the Midland counties, gave his accumulated papers to the servant to light fires with.

A good idea was started by a gentleman this week, who offered a prize for diving in the Serpentine. A figure resembling a man in shape, and of ten or twelve stone weight, was sunk in four yards depth of water, and about fifty yards from the bank. Several attempts were made to land it, but most of the competitors gave up the burden when nearing the shore. It was brought to land at last by a professional swimmer named Coulter. A correspondent of the *Times* writes to recommend some means of rescuing drowning persons in connection with the Thames Embankment.

The *Orchestra* tells an amusing story of Mr. Toole's acting of the Dodger with Mr. Eldred for Fagin in the provinces. The circumstance is said to have occurred last week. The Dodger was called so often before the curtain that he was afraid of being late for the midnight train, by which he wanted to travel, if he remained in the theatre to change his dress. So he started off with Mr. Eldred as he was, and the railway officials were astonished a few minutes afterwards at finding a pair of exceedingly suspicious characters enter a first-class carriage. Our contemporary expands the tale by mentioning the various conjectures of the porters and station-masters on the line as to the characters and pursuits of the two gentlemen. When the train arrived at the terminus, it need hardly be said that the Jew and the Dodger had been packed in the trunks, and that Mr. Toole and Mr. Eldred stepped from their *coupé*.

Dr. Laycock contributes to the *Lancet* a very important essay giving suggestions for rendering medico-mental science available in the prevention of crime, and serviceable in the administration of justice. The subject is not at all new, but Dr. Laycock treats it with fresh force. In one portion of the paper he says:—"The vice of irresistible drunkenness is an apt illustration of the traditional form of incapacity and irresponsibility in which physiological and pathological conditions combine. Nothing is more certain than the fact that a man, having attained adult age, with all the responsibilities of a husband, father, and citizen, becomes an incorrigible drunkard and quite incapable from bodily causes of performing his duties. . . . Yet the law of England does not provide for an inquiry into his capability of self-control, except in so far as whether he is insane or not. Pending the solution of this insoluble question, he breeds drunkards to the third and fourth generation, ruins his family, and too often is only bodily weakness, suicide, raving insanity, or an early death from disease which saves him from the gallows." Dr. Laycock concludes by recommending that a Royal Commission should inquire into the manner in which our law regards mentally incapable and irresponsible persons. The doctrines of medical jurisprudence are, he says, obsolete and misleading.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.\*

GIVEN a single pair of human beings, created or developed in the "backward abyss of time," to account for the subsequent different races of mankind, and their condition in point of civilization in the present year of the nineteenth century, is something like the little problem which Mr. Ezra C. Seaman valiantly sets himself to solve in these essays. Like its predecessor, published years ago, the volume is big; but, fortunately, the sections into which the essays are divided, possess some sort of brevity, so that the reader can take ten or twenty rests in the course of each subject; or, having tasted one section, he can relegate the others to a more appropriate season. Certain books are subject to neglect or imperfect consideration on account either of their badness or their bigness, which is itself a sort of cubic badness. We fear that Mr. Seaman's "Progress of Nations" will suffer slightly from the latter vice; for although the work is by no means encyclopædic, it is in many parts swollen by an admixture of hydrocephalous speculation, and by much unnecessary repetition both of phrase and thought. Here and there also the writer's style is weak in the knees, and staggers under the weight of heterogeneous matter which it is commissioned, porter-like, to convey to the reader. It is but fair to say, however, that the book is written with a certain conscientious laboriousness, which, in the absence of any originality or brilliancy, will obtain for it the attention of laborious readers—those especially who make it a point of looking into all books, of whatever pretensions, which treat of particular subjects. Mr. Seaman is a sort of Buckle, fashioned on a minute scale, and with a less philosophic spirit. He is, perhaps, cooler in tone than Buckle; but where there is a deficiency of fire, coolness is a small merit. To readers young in years, and not greatly advanced in the philosophy of history, Mr. Seaman's work will be of more use than that of Buckle. However, both works will serve their time—the former for a few years, the latter probably for some generations.

There is something commendable in the plan of Mr. Seaman's book. Having first defined the causes of, and impediments to, human progress, he glances back through all history, over all the countries of the world, and among all the races of mankind, and then endeavours to point out under what geographical conditions, and by what natural and artificial instrumentalities, certain peoples, and not others, have advanced in civilization. According to the theory of Mr. Seaman, the various causes necessary to the initiation and maintenance of progress may be comprehended under climate and brain. Climate and other physical circumstances, continued in operation for lengthened periods of time, are, with Mr. Seaman, among the mightiest causes in the production of race, from the colour of the skin to the quality of the mind. In the superficial matter of complexion, however, he is of opinion that, as the Laplander who lives in a cold climate is as dark as the Red Indian, who lives in a warm or temperate region, the fact of climate alone is inadequate to account for peculiarities of colour, which must, he thinks, be the effect of climate and habit combined. Living in dirty and reeking huts for soapless generations, and feeding mostly upon bad or uncooked animal food, would transform a nation of Dianas into a nation of darkies. On this theory, the dark races are entitled to be called also the dirty races—the world's great unwashed. But, on the other hand, says our author, "the inhabitants of temperate or cold climates in Europe and America that occupy dwellings with good chimneys (whereby they avoid smoke), and live mostly on vegetable food, have light and good complexions." If this view is correct, would a thousand years of baths, with mountains of soap, civilized cookery, and moral living, transform black skins into white skins? That is the question. We should doubt the efficacy of the process. How it got there is, we suspect, beyond human knowledge; but it seems to us that the black spot is in the blood, from which nothing will extract it but generations of miscegenation—the mingling in marriage of the dark and the pale races. But the effect of climate is more than skin deep. Climate changes "the relative size and structure of many of the organs of the human system, particularly those of the brain," which again produce the profounder peculiarities of race. In fact, to put this theory in the strongest possible light, from these two causes—climate and brain—have issued, as from a double fountain, literature, arts, sciences, and civilizations.

\* The Progress of Nations in Civilization, Progress, Population. Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Industry, Wealth, and Commerce, Banking, Internal Improvements, Emigration, &c., &c., Manufactures, Commerce, &c. Second Series. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

But they can act productively only when properly combined. With a germ of brain to begin with, a fair amount of progress is possible only in appropriate climates. Plant a colony of African negroes on the best soil and in the best climate of Europe, and their progress would be infinitesimal, if not impossible; while it is probable that a whole Sahara-full of Shakespeares and steam-engine Watts would inevitably degenerate into Tupperts and toy-makers. But plant a healthy race, sturdy in limb and energetic in brain, in a country like Great Britain, in which nature would both tempt and compel the exercise of these qualities, and Shakespeare and Watts would appear in the fulness of time, with "Hamlets" and "steam-engines" as the product of their brains.

Mr. Seaman devotes a fair proportion of his space to the consideration of the position and prospects of the negro in America. Of the negro race generally, he has in one sense a high opinion; in another sense his opinion is low. "The perceptive faculties," he says, "depend mostly on the senses; and those of the negro races are equal, perhaps, within the limited range of their knowledge, to those of any people upon the earth. They are also very generally endowed with a fine imagination," but "their reasoning faculties are weak and defective," and therefore "they seem incapable of anything like philosophical reasoning or generalization." Again, "they never experiment, either in mechanics or in the cultivation of the soil, in the rearing of animals, or in matters of natural science. They are governed by their immediate wants, appetites, and impulses, and never seem to study the nature of things, nor the laws of cause and effect." Speaking specially of the negroes in America, he says that "they are essentially a social and gregarious people. They have warm social sympathies and strong physical appetites, but no strong mental passions. They have very little avarice, but little ambition for dominion or power, or to be rich; and are seldom governed by violent anger, or strong feelings of revenge." We are by no means certain that Mr. Seaman is correct when he says that "the anti-slavery people of the North very generally supposed and predicted that the war and the President's emancipation proclamation would arouse in the slaves a dormant desire for liberty and independence—that they would excite among them a revolutionary spirit; induce them to assert their freedom," and, among many other wonderful things, "to kill, slay, and assassinate their masters and their families, and all who should oppose them." We have a distinct recollection, indeed, that many oracles in the interest of the South, both in America and in this country, denounced the emancipation proclamation as a gross piece of cruelty to the slaves, as it would rouse them to attempt something in their own favour which they could not possibly accomplish, and which would inevitably result in their own deadly discomfiture. However, it seems that all these tragical predictions were falsified by the result. It appears "that the slaves and free coloured population are the meekest, best-natured, most forgiving, inoffensive, and least vindictive and revengeful of any people in America; and that the majority of them cling to their homes, to their friends, and even to their masters and their families with great tenacity." But hear what Mr. Seaman a little further on says about these negroes: "Who can now doubt that they may be quiet, law-abiding citizens—though they may not be qualified for self-government and the enjoyment of political rights and privileges?" We have hitherto innocently imagined that persons who are meek, good-natured, forgiving, inoffensive, unvindictive, and unrevenged—that is, persons who "may be quiet, law-abiding citizens"—do indeed possess a fair amount of capacity for the enjoyment of political rights and privileges. Persons who possess such a catalogue of virtues may be presumed to have at the same time intelligence sufficient to enable them to know an honest man from a rogue, and a clever man from a goose—the amount of intelligence which is supposed to be necessary for the proper wielding of the elective franchise. But Mr. Seaman commits another absurdity. While admitting that the negroes may be "quiet, law-abiding citizens," he withholds from them the proper civic distinction. What is it that makes a citizen in America? Is it not the possession of political privileges? No man can be a citizen who has not been emancipated from a condition of social cipherhood into an active political unit. It is not unnatural that the old Conservatives should be against the admission of the negroes to the suffrage. They were equally opposed to the emancipation of the slaves, whom they declared to be unfit for freedom. But the negroes are now free; and, as it is a dogma in the United States that every free man not disqualified by crime is entitled to the franchise, there seems to be no escape from negro suffrage; nor should there be, ugly as the eventuality looks at first sight. Such a conclusion was logically involved in the tragic premises of the war—a fact



with which the freedmen are well acquainted, and which, aided by their friends, they will therefore take care to keep before the country until their privilege is fully admitted and consummated. The logic of facts is fate; and it is by such a fate that the States are being driven to do the most disagreeable piece of justice that ever a people were compelled to perform. Mr. Seaman anticipates the establishment of negro suffrage with considerable alarm, which we can understand, but with which we cannot sympathize. He ventures to say that "to subject the Southern States to the political supremacy and government of the coloured population, looks to me like the most fiendish political act ever attempted in America." The "political supremacy" which seems to excite Mr. Seaman so much will to a certainty turn out to be a political mirage of his own imagination. Considering the vicious elements which are at present mixed up with the American electorate, the admixture of a few "meek," "inoffensive," "good-natured," and "law-abiding" negroes can hardly do it any harm or be regarded as a possible cause of ruin. It would be difficult indeed to ruin a republic which has successfully withstood so many evils. America and countries nearer home are perfectly well aware that without some political risk there can be little political gain.

It is Mr. Seaman's own fault if we occasionally doubt the soundness of his political morality. In referring, for instance, to the national debt of the United States, and the manner in which it accumulated, he says:—"This generation has suffered enough to preserve the integrity of the Union; let the coming generation, who will inherit the advantages of their efforts, pay off the incumbrance." We, in this country, who have inherited a national debt from the past, with whatever advantages it brought, are well able to appreciate the falsity of Mr. Seaman's philosophy. National debts are seldom an unmixed glory; and it would be safer to say regarding them, that the present generation ought to pay what it can, and let the coming generation pay what it must. Mr. Mill promulgated sounder views when he put the present in debt to the future. Mr. Seaman's political economy is not less questionable. Speaking of Canada, he remarks that, "it is in truth impossible for the mechanic arts and manufactures to grow up and flourish under the colonial system of England; and the *system of free-trade with the mother country*, by which the latter supplies her colonies with all the products of her factories and workshops which they are able to pay for, keeps them constantly in her debt, and discourages their efforts to manufacture for themselves." There is a sufficient flavour of truth in this statement to make its falsehood more offensive at bottom. As a matter of fact, colonies must for a time depend upon the mother country, or some other country, for manufactured goods; in which case free trade is an unmixed advantage. That colonies should pay, or promise to pay, for their goods is the common way of business; and debts are not peculiar to colonies. Nor is it considered bad economy in any colony or country to continue to purchase, so long as it cannot manufacture, what it needs as cheaply as the manufacturers with whom it deals. Canada has never been blind to the advantage of Canadian manufactures; and doubtless, when she discovers that it will be for her benefit to import less and manufacture more, she will have enough of the economist in her to do so with energy. It is for the benefit of all the countries of the world that they neither produce all they need nor consume all they produce. The superfluities of one country supply the wants of another. A single point more will show Mr. Seaman in another light. With many other political observers, he believes that the Turkish empire is crumbling to pieces under the influence of Christian civilization, and that a few years will determine her fate. He has no desire, however, to see Russia gobbling up Turkey; his opinion being that it will rather be for the interest of the European nations as a body "to overturn the Government of the Turks and the Mahometan institutions of the country, to unite European Turkey with Greece, and establish an independent Christian constitutional monarchy in Turkey in Asia, under a German prince. Germany is overpeopled, and the Germans need some country to occupy and colonize. France has got a foothold on the south shore of the Mediterranean, and has subjected and occupied Algiers, and will probably eventually subject and occupy all the Barbary States; and if Germany could have Turkey in Asia, and Italy could have Egypt, all the great nations of Europe would have sufficient territory to colonize and occupy, and all the Mahometan countries of much value (except Persia) would be subjected to Christian influences, and eventually be Christianized." It will be observed that in this little plot against the "Sick Man's" property, in which the palm of Italy is funnily anointed with Egypt, Russia is left out in the cold, and that the "Sick Man" himself is not

so much as asked whether he will peacefully lay his head in the European charger, or die game—a Turk to the last. The deeper question, as to whether it is Christian to despoil even a Turk, is not once hinted at by Mr. Seaman, who writes like one of those people who would fain take Cuba from the Spaniards, and who would yet take Mexico from the Mexicans. It needs no prophet to announce that nations which fall behind in the race of civilization will decay and disappear, and that Turkey will so vanish, if she does not look well to her national and international duties. Turkey is, however, near the best European schools, and may take a new lease of life by learning new habits, and by taking lessons in the philosophy and practice of government. She is doing so already to a small extent. But of course the reinvigoration of Turkey will always seem ridiculous to those who desire her death. She is a living insult to the sagacity of the prophets, as well as to those who expect to share the spoil. We should be sorry to defraud Christian nations of their Turkish feast; but we have always thought that long life and great things were at least possible to a nation that believed in God.

#### LYRA SACRA AMERICANA.\*

THE title of this book sufficiently describes its general character. Although it consists chiefly of hymns, it includes numerous compositions which could not be included under that title, and a great many which, in our opinion, had better have been left out. This remark applies especially to certain thinly-thought, thinly-worded, and glittering sets of verses, in which there is really nothing more than a jingling reproduction of conventional phrases; and very particularly indeed to the ridiculous teetotal "poem," headed

##### "LICENSED TO DO WHAT?"

"Licensed—to make the strong man weak,  
Licensed—to lay the wise man low,  
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,  
And make her children's tears to flow."

These rhymes have no more business in a collection of sacred poetry than an election squib. As for what to us appears no better than conventional jingle, we will take a specimen or two at random:—

"Softly fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.

Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;  
All things tell of calm repose,  
At the holy Sabbath's close."

And here is another:—

"Benighted on the troubled main,  
While stormy terrors clothe the sky,  
The trembling voyager strives in vain,  
And nought but dark despair is nigh;  
When, lo! a gem of peerless light,  
With radiant splendour shines afar;  
And through the clouds of darkest night,  
Appears the Bright and Morning Star."

Writing like this, we unhesitatingly call conventional: it might be written to order in yards, by any one capable of versifying decently, and familiar with the kind of phraseology which is usual in hymns.

Still, there is, of necessity, much in the volume to give pleasure to devout minds. Some of the hymns that bear familiar names like Peabody, Pierpoint, Whittier, and Freeman Clarke, must be pronounced good. But the best, in our opinion, are those by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Here is one specimen, which has long been familiar to English readers of a certain class, but which is, probably, little known to the general public:—

##### "THE GOD OF PEACE.

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,  
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,  
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,  
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er he flieth,  
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

\* *Lyra Sacra Americana*: or, Gems from American Sacred Poetry. Selected and Arranged, with Notes and Biographical Sketches, by Charles Dexter Cleveland, Author of the "Compendiums of English, American, and Classical Literature;" "Concordance to Milton's Poetry," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.



So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Parest,  
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,  
 And all the babble of life's angry voices  
 Dies in hush'd stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,  
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,  
 And no rude storm, how fierce so'er he flieth,  
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O, rest of rests! O, peace serene, eternal!  
 Thou ever livest; and Thou changest never,  
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth  
 Fulness of joy—for ever and for ever."

Mr. James Freeman Clarke has contributed a domestic, or rather conjugal, hymn, the burden of which is exactly similar to one of Mr. George MacDonald's; indeed, so obvious an idea could scarcely escape simultaneous adoption by hymn-writers:—

"CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

"Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,  
 Whose gracious word benign  
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,  
 Change water into wine;  
 Come, visit us, and when dull work  
 Grows weary, line on line,  
 Revive our souls, and let us see  
 Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,  
 Earth's hopes grow half divine,  
 When Jesus visits us, to make  
 Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,  
 The homely household shrine,  
 Grow bright with angel visits, when  
 The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,  
 Not knowing mine nor thine,  
 The miracle again is wrought,  
 And water turned to wine."

Considering the wide range taken by Mr. Cleveland in making this selection—admitting as he does, for example, "Licensed" and Bryant's "City Hymn"—we think it is both to be regretted and wondered at that he has inserted no poem of Mr. James Russell Lowell's. Several of that gentleman's compositions are as "sacred" as some of those in this volume, and greatly superior to any of them. Take, for instance, that commencing

"O dwellers in the valley land!"

and that beginning

"Said Christ our Lord, I will go and see  
 How the men, my brethren, believe in me;"

and the one entitled, "Ambrose;" and, last not least, the very beautiful memorial verses (for the poet's little daughter) entitled, "The Changeling." "Ambrose" may be called unorthodox, however, and probably Mr. Cleveland would consider that a fatal objection. We are speaking without book, but we cannot help fancying that we remember in the large collection of American and other poems, edited by Mr. Dana, some sacred compositions which are much superior to any in Mr. Cleveland's collection. In saying this, too, we are having regard to the characteristic merits of the hymn proper, as distinguished from the sacred melody; though Mr. Cleveland's volume includes examples of both.

John Foster wrote a well-known essay upon the causes which might be supposed to make what he called evangelical religion disliked by men of taste. The existence and eager reception of such thousands of bad or poor hymns must be reckoned as one of these causes. It is by no means necessary for a hymn to be good and acceptable that it should be written by a true poet. That name, *pur sang*, cannot be claimed for either of the Wesleys, or for Augustus Toplady, or for Doddridge: nay, they were none of them divine, even by the half-blood, yet they all wrote good, and, sometimes, deeply affecting hymns. It is not necessary that a man should be even a believer in the Christian mysteries, in order that he should feel the pathos of such well-known hymns as—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

or—

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!"

or—

"Behold, a stranger's at the door!"

or—

"Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!"

or—

"O Jesus, my hope!"

The men who composed these, and many other good hymns,

were so deeply moved by their themes that, having some literary skill, they were poets *ad hoc*. But though it is not essential that a good hymn-writer should be a poet, it is strictly essential that his workmanship should have some of the characteristics of poetry, and should avoid certain faults. We should be sincerely pleased if a few words upon these matters had any chance of being considered.

In the first place, the composition of a hymn must be simple. It must avoid conventionalisms of phrase, and especially conventionalisms of ornament,—star-gleaming skies, heaving billows, streaming tears, faded hopes, leafy bowers, songsters of the woods, flowery grass, and all such Brummagem. It must follow the rule of good poetry, and fulfil the first condition of melody, by being chiefly written in monosyllables. This, too, will make it much more *cantabile*. The longer the words you use, the more likely you are to get into those awkward tangles of vowel and consonant which make it next to impossible to sing certain hymns and so-called songs. Of course it is understood that this rule has large qualifications, and applies directly to writing verse in English.

One most important essential of a good hymn is, that by its author the Christian mysteries must have been assimilated, for his purpose, as story, and not as dogma:—

"Predestinated to be sons,  
 Born by degrees, but chose at once;  
 A new, regenerated race,  
 To praise the glory of His grace."

This, from Dr. Watts, is an enunciation of the doctrine of Election, but is no more poetic than

"Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and November."

Now, poetic, in the sense of commanding *emotion*, a hymn is bound to be; and, to that end, the Christian mysteries must be conceived at the time in mythologic (we use the word with no irreverence), not in doctrinal form. If any one doubts this, let him test it by running over in his mind the best-loved hymns he knows. How very small, if any, is the deposit of dogma in such world-known hymns as "Abide with me," "Nearer to Thee," "Thou hidden Love of God, whose height," "Hark! my soul, it is the Lord"—one of the most affecting hymns ever written—is almost a drama that might be sung anywhere under the cope of heaven where men believe in moral recovery and moral retribution.

Again, it is of great consequence that a hymn should not go out of its way to put mysteries in new shapes. Let us suppose that a man believes ever so sincerely in such a dreadful mystery as everlasting damnation, yet nothing can excuse him for tampering with it as Dr. Watts has done in this verse:—

"Tempests of angry fire shall roll  
 To blast the rebel-worm,  
 And beat upon his naked soul  
 In one eternal storm."

This tall writing is simply gratuitous and offensive. The same remarks apply to other points which we could scarcely bring within the range of newspaper discussion.

Nearly allied to this caution is the following. A good hymn will contain none of those "Scriptural" conventionalisms, which, however commonly accepted, are condemned alike by good divines and by good taste. It would do hymn-writers, and preachers too, no harm to read once a month Archdeacon Paley's sermon on "Caution in the Use of Scripture Language." They will there find that a dignitary of the English Church, and one of the most clear-headed men that ever lived, boldly condemns the current use of certain "Scriptural" combinations of phrase, on the simple ground that they are obsolete, and have no meaning whatever in our own times and circumstances. The use of the word *Jehovah* for God is objectionable. It is a national and local name, not proper to Christianity at all; and, whatever authorities for its employment in modern times may be quoted (down to Wordsworth himself), its use is a solecism, particularly in a hymn. Again, we constantly find the phrase "King of kings" dragged in for the mere sake of the rhyme. Imagine such a couplet as—

"The blackbird in the covert sings  
 The praises of the King of kings."

This is, indeed, imaginary; but there are hundreds of cases quite as bad. If the reader will turn to the well-known passage in the Apocalypse which has made the title so familiar, he will at once perceive how incongruous its use must be in the great majority of cases for any purposes of modern sacred poetry. There is a certain appropriateness in the presence of the phrase in the closing passage of the "Lady of the Lake," when the monarch announces the fate of Roderick Dhu:—



"The King of kings  
Alone can stay life's parting wings."

But even there, to a reader who remembers the phrase in its original position, it jars upon the ear. Take, again, the familiar and affecting hymn beginning

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

This couplet is made up of a passage in the Apocalypse and a prophetic passage in the Old Testament; but the distinctness of the second line is foreign to the text of Scripture, and it has an unpleasant effect upon the mind. A metaphor ought not glaringly to state a physical impossibility. Generally speaking, it may be asserted that we should be better without eight-tenths of our hymns. The accidents of rhyme, and the temptations to say pretty things which press hard upon all but true poets in writing verse, have done more to set afloat false combinations of Scriptural phraseology than perhaps all other causes combined. To sum up:—A good hymn should be simple in language; chiefly written in monosyllables; never sacrificing *anything whatever* to rhyme; rarely, if ever, involving dogma so that it could not be detached without affecting the sense; above all, never going out of the way to expand or emphasize dogma; and, lastly, it should never affect the use of phrases called "Scriptural." Applying these canons, we shall find the hymns of Germany and the North the best, while those of America usually present the same kind of defects as our own. Nevertheless, we cannot deny a word of welcome to Mr. Cleveland's collection.

#### RECENT CHRONOLOGY.\*

THERE are several curious reflections suggested by a glance over this epitome of recent history. The first is that Europe has of late been showing a decided Liberal tendency in its progress. Indeed, one is almost disposed to regard Mr. Ewald as a strong Liberal partisan, so suggestive is the mere recapitulation of historical facts with which he furnishes us. But that Mr. Ewald is not a Liberal partisan we gather from one or two minute circumstances in his compilation. Let us take, for example, his summing up of the conclusions arrived at by the Jamaica Inquiry Commission:—

"That the disturbances had their immediate origin in a planned resistance to lawful authority; that the causes of the insurgents rebelling were, (1) to obtain land free from the payment of rent, (2) the want of confidence generally felt by the labouring class in the tribunals before which most of the disputes affecting their interests were carried for adjudication, and (3) the wish to attain their ends by the death or expulsion of the white inhabitants of the island; that such was the excitement of the island, that had the insurgents obtained more than a momentary success, their ultimate overthrow would have been attended with a still more fearful loss of life and property; that praise was due to Governor Eyre, to whose skill, promptitude, and vigour, the speedy termination of the rebellion was in a great degree to be attributed; that the military and naval operations were prompt and judicious; that by the continuance of martial law in its full force the people were deprived for longer than necessary of their constitutional privileges; that the punishments inflicted were excessive; the punishment of death unnecessarily frequent; the floggings reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous; and that the burning of 1,000 houses was wanton and cruel."

The italics are Mr. Ewald's own; and we should like to know upon what principle a chronicler who is supposed to write down historical statements without any personal bias whatever, felt himself called upon to express his admiration of that central sentence by italicising it. We have no wish to reopen the Governor Eyre question, which was a scandal to our Legislature; and need only remark that the epitome of the report here laid down by Mr. Ewald is perhaps as inconsistent a passage as was ever offered to the public. The adjectives, "unnecessary," "excessive," "barbarous," "wanton," and "cruel," applied to punishments which were, or ought to have been, under Governor Eyre's supervision, do not form a graceful corollary to the sentence in which he is praised. In fact, the inconsistency of the Commissioners' report was only equalled by the inconsistency of the Government in punishing a public servant, by removing him from his post, without having tried him. The italicising of a sentence is not a grave charge to bring against the editor of a chronological history; but it renders one suspicious of the rest of the volume.

Mr. Ewald's book is one of many similar efforts to put recent history into a handy shape for purposes of reference; and it has several new features. First comes an annotated table of chronology, which gives condensed

statements of the more important political events from 1767 to 1867; then we find lists of contemporary sovereigns, among whom Isabella is still permitted to hold a place; a dictionary of battles and sieges (by the way the victory of Königsgrätz, as Mr. Ewald spells Königgrätz, is wholly attributed to Prince Frederick Charles, the Crown Prince apparently having had no share in it) and biographical notices of deceased eminent persons. The chronological section is comprehensive, brief, and, so far as we have been enabled to judge, of praiseworthy accuracy. The biographical notices are necessarily so meagre, by reason of the limited space assigned to them, that the book would be improved by their absence. It is simply absurd to call the following lines a biographical note of Thackeray:—"Born, 1811.—Thackeray, William Makepeace.—One of the greatest of English novelists. Author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' 'Newcomes,' 'Esmond,' 'Lectures on the Four Georges,' 'Lectures on the English Humorists,' &c.—Died, Dec. 24, 1863." One might as well say "Thackeray was Thackeray." "Grimaldi, Joseph.—Pantomime Clown," is perhaps all the biographical mention we require of that eminent person; but the manner in which such men as Lessing, Hallam, Keats, Shelley, Richter—to name no others—are disposed of seems rather to indicate a compliment paid to their names than an effort to let the reader know anything about them. The chronological table, we have hinted, as it is the most important, is also the best portion of this volume. Mr. Ewald has hit upon a plan of introducing occasional explanatory essays, in small type, where the bare mention of an historical fact would be scarcely commensurate with its importance. These short essays are written concisely and, for the most part, impartially. On the whole, the book certainly deserves a place among those handy volumes which are used to refresh the memory. We hope no one will take it—or any similar work—with the hope of extracting history out of it; but in the recalling to mind of facts already learnt and studied in histories proper, such reference-volumes are of decided value.

#### WATER CURE.\*

WHATEVER may be the value of this treatise from a scientific point of view, we can fairly say that, in a popular sense, it possesses unusual interest. It is a strong point in its favour that the author of it is a lady of great experience in the art of healing by the innocent agency of water. The most powerful fact in favour of water-cure itself is the simplicity of its means. Compared, indeed, with the system of allopathy, with its learned and imposing terminology, water-cure has an appearance of triviality. It is an art without a pill; and its two medicines, air and water, may be said to have a direct heavenly origin. They are as cheap, also, as they are simple; as pleasant as they are cheap; and, according to the earnest and womanly account of Mrs. Nichols, they are as efficacious as they are pleasant. The peculiar experience of Mrs. Nichols has eminently fitted her to be an apostle and exponent of water-cure. She is herself a living example of the curative power of the system, and her first experience of it seems to have revealed to her that to be a teacher and healer was "a necessity of her being." Although born in New England, Mrs. Nichols has a Scotch-Welsh ancestry, whose vitality she inherits, along with, as she informs us, a "heritage of woe," a diseased constitution, "the consequence," she boldly affirms, "of some ignorance of, or want of conformity to, the laws of life," in her progenitors. Her sister and then her brother were carried off by consumption, "New England's scourge," while she herself had fatal symptoms of the same disease, which she was enabled to surmount only by "a pure diet, care, and water treatment." Of her own children, one only lived to maturity. These mortal events set her brains to work, and she resolved to gain instruction as to the causes of "this misery, disease, and death." A fairly furnished medical library was thrown open to her, and the editor of a literary journal for which she wrote "tales and poems" having procured for her Copeland's Medical Dictionary, she put herself through a thorough course of appropriate study, which resulted in convincing her that "ignorance of the laws of health went hand-in-hand with a false and mischievous system of drugging, bleeding, blistering, and regular and irregular quackery in destroying health and life." Such knowledge, acting upon a strong, sensitive, and humane mind, naturally produced a medical reformer in the person of Mrs. Nichols, who ultimately found an ample field for the exercise of her peculiar genius in the advocacy of the system of water-

\* The Last Century of Universal History, a Reference Book, from 1767 to 1867. By A. C. Ewald, F.S.A. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

\* A Woman's Work in Water Cure and Sanitary Education. By Mrs. Mary S. Gove Nichols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.



cure. It was through English friends who had visited the establishment of Priessnitz in Germany, and through German physicians settled in the United States, that she became acquainted with the water system. At an early stage of her career Mrs. Nichols became impressed with the necessity of communicating to others the knowledge which she herself had acquired, and which she deemed of pre-eminent value to the human family. In fact, she seems to have been the first lady in America who gave lectures to her own sex on anatomy, physiology, and the prevention and cure of disease. After lecturing with much success in several of the great cities, she settled in New York, where she engaged in literary occupations and in lecturing to classes of ladies assembled in her own drawing-room. She had evidently gained by this time some reputation as a physician, for she was consulted so frequently by ladies for themselves and their children, that she was finally induced to change her house into a water-cure establishment. Then her husband, who was a medical graduate of the New York University, having adopted the hydropathic system of treatment, they eventually united their efforts, and formed "an institution for water-cure, general education adapted to the young who needed hygienic conditions, and for scientific lectures on the principles of hydropathy." Mrs. Nichols informs us that many of the pupils, male and female, who studied at this establishment became excellent water-cure physicians.

What is health? What is disease? What is water-cure? Health is the natural condition of every organized creature; disease an unnatural condition; and cure by water is the renovation of a body from an unnatural to a natural condition. Easy questions—answers suspiciously simple. Of course, "with a pure and vigorous germ, the requisite temperature, nutrition, air, exercise, whatever is needed for a natural and an orderly development of organs, and a regular performance of the functions of life," health is inevitable. With the removal of any of these conditions, however, disease is equally inevitable. Pure air is life-giving; foul air is death-dealing. We eat, in order to live; but many die by eating, either the wrong thing, or too much of the right thing. Drinking is necessary; but there is a cup of life and a cup of death—the pump and the whisky-barrel. The pursuit of pleasure is permissible, and nature enjoys it; but when pleasure becomes confounded with riot, health vanishes, and disease takes its place. In such a case, or in any case of disease, what does the water-cure physician do? What is his policy? and What are his prescriptions? Nothing and nothing! That, at all events, would be the answer of some people on first looking at the subject. Being altogether a drugless system, hydropathy is indeed almost comical in the simplicity of means. But, so far as it pretends to be a system at all, it is thoroughly intelligent, and is based on the Shakespearian maxim, that "Nature is made better by no mean, but Nature makes that mean." The water-cure treatment, says Mrs. Nichols, "is a scientific application of the principles of nature in the cure of disease." By changing conditions, it removes or promotes the removal of morbid matters laid up in the system, which it thus cleanses and invigorates. Nor is it strange that pure water should be the most powerful agent in producing "that purification and invigoration of the body which is the cure of disease," since water enters most extensively into the composition of the human frame, the proportion being four-fifths of the whole. "Blood, brain, nerves, are nearly all water. Muscle is three-fourths water, and water enters largely even into the composition of the bones." The mere fact, too, that the skin itself is netted with thirty miles in length of tubes, shows how sensitively respondent to the action of water the body must be. Of course, water-cure, as a system of medical treatment, does not consist in the use of water alone. "It prescribes a pure and healthy diet, carefully adapted to the assimilating powers of the patient; it demands pure air and strengthening exercise, with other physical and moral hygienic conditions." Properly applied, "it equalizes the circulation, cleanses the system, invigorates the great organs of life, and, by exciting the functions of nutrition and excretion, builds up the body anew and recreates it in purity and health more rapidly than nature can do without such favouring conditions." In fact, the peculiar function of water-cure is "building," as contradistinguished from "patching," to which the elder medical systems, it is alleged, are still too much addicted. Further, there is hardly an ailment incident to man from the cradle to the grave, which will resist the timely and judicious application of water-cure, though "some of its greatest triumphs are in nervous and spinal diseases." Mrs. Nichols asserts that its processes relieve nearly all the dangers and sufferings of childbirth; and we may believe her when she says that, in a large obstetric practice, extending over several years, she "never had a patient who was not able to take a bath, and

sit up, and walk the day after the birth of a child!" This, it is needless to say, would be certain death to many patients treated according to the old methods.

What, then, are the processes in water cure? Bathings, wet-sheet applications, and rubbings with a wet towel or the hand. As, however, each person, as well as each case of disease, differs from another in some feature, the different processes are applied with the discrimination demanded in each case. There is something in the quality of the water as a preliminary—soft, fresh, spring water being preferred. Water which is hard from the presence of lime, or brackish from saline matter, is less beneficial than that which is pure and soft, though it is preferable to that which is dead and stagnant. River water is not objectionable, and "any water is better than none." Baths are of various kinds—plunge, pouring, dripping-sheet, douche, sitz, and shallow, or half-bath—each of which is best in particular cases, the duration and temperature being regulated to suit emergencies. The shower-bath, though excellent for a healthy person, is too chilling for invalids, and is therefore seldom used. The peculiar processes in water-cure are the "wet-sheet pack" and the "blanket pack," the former being called the sheet-anchor of the system, from the fact of its powerful character and applicability to almost every form and stage of disease. This is the manner in which it is used. If a person has a violent fever, several counterpanes and woollen blankets are laid upon a bed. A large sheet wrung out of cold water is spread upon the blankets; the patient is then extended upon the sheet, which is wrapped quickly around him, from head to heel, his face only being left free. The blankets are then, one after the other, brought also tightly about him, until he has all the appearance of a mummy. Then blankets or a feather-bed may be piled over all. Supposing that the patient is unusually weak or chilly, bottles of hot water may be applied to his feet or armpits; and should his head ache a wet towel must be applied to it. In coming from this encasement, where he remains "until warmth is fully established, the whole skin in a glow, and just ready to burst into perspiration," the patient is quickly taken to a plunge, pouring, or other cold bath. This rule is invariable, "except when, in cases of high inflammation, one wet sheet follows another in quick succession." This process, says Mrs. Nichols, "cools febrile action, excites the action of the skin, equalizes the circulation, removes obstructions, brings out irruptive diseases, controls spasms, and relieves pain like a charm. Far from being disagreeable, it is a most delightful application. After the first shock of the sheet, there comes a pleasant glow, a calm, and usually a profound sleep." By the "blanket pack" process, the patient, instead of being rolled in the wet sheet, is wrapped in dry blankets until a perspiration is excited, the nature of the case determining the duration of the pack. From three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half is the time for the thorough sweating pack, which Mrs. Nichols describes as "one of the best means of relieving the system of morbid matter by exciting the action of the glands of the skin." A wet towel over the lungs or upon any spot where it is desirable to excite curative action, may advantageously accompany the blanket pack. After every bath the patient is carefully rubbed with a coarse towel, a flesh-brush, or the hand of a strong healthy person, this process being necessary to excite a pleasant and wholesome reaction.

These are only hints as to the nature of water-cure. There are many important points in the process which we cannot explain here. But the whole system, we are bound to confess, seems built on the clearest ideas of nature and reason; and, judging from the cases described in the book, which Mrs. Nichols herself treated and cured, it is evident that few diseases will stand before it. *Delirium tremens*, all kinds of fever, inflammation of the lungs, dyspepsia, asthmatic consumption, rheumatism, and even cholera, are among the diseases which this lady-physician has, in the course of her practice, compelled to retreat before the steady and rational assaults of water-cure. She has been exceedingly successful in dealing with the ailments of women and children, among whom she has chiefly carried on her mission of healing. Of course the secret of water-cure lies in restoring to the human system the natural conditions of which accident, ignorance, or folly may have robbed it, laying it open to disease; and in affording to nature every reasonable opportunity of recovering her lost balance and power of self-defence. Under the operation of the water-cure the victim of *delirium tremens*, in having the flames and the foulness of his disease expelled slowly from his body, is taught to detest the old and to like the new conditions of his life. The dyspeptic acquires the power to be selective in the quality, and temperate in the quantity, of his food. Indeed, purity and temperance in diet, together with healthful exercise, are



essential in the process of water-cure, which excludes salted, smoked, coarse, oily, or fat meats, or fish, pastry, spices, sauces and condiments, and most fried dishes. But it is not to be supposed that water-cure patients are starved. On the contrary, they are well fed, but they are fed according to reason, or the demands of an appetite which they have learned to regulate on rational principles. We have seen what is excluded from a water-cure diet, but it is charming to learn from the lips of Mrs. Nichols herself that among the good things that may be eaten are included brown bread, wheaten groats, oatmeal, rice; mealy potatoes, green peas, French beans; baked apples, stewed prunes, strawberries, raspberries, grapes, figs, peaches, pears; cream, milk, fresh butter, eggs lightly cooked; the least oily kinds of fish; plainly-cooked chicken, mutton, beef; sugar, salt, and vinegar. Could a king desire daintier dishes than a good cook could make out of such a list of excellences? Then as to drink, is there not plenty of pure water? Our lady-physician naturally puts her veto upon strong narcotic infusions, brandied wines, drugged malt liquors, and all strong alcoholic beverages, which, she maintains, ought to be avoided. Pure light wines, however, as they are not only harmless, but beneficial, may be allowed in moderation. The grand feature in water-cure is its simplicity. Every person can practise it—the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned. Wherever can be found a sponge, a pail, and a pump, there are the instrumentalities of water-cure; and whoever makes a daily practice of more or less extensively cleansing his body, is a practical student of the hydropathic system. In truth, water-cure seems natural to man; and it only required a wide and careful observation of facts to prove that incalculable stores of curative power are wrapt up in the commonest and cheapest of the elements—fresh air, pure water, and unobstructed light. A word in conclusion. Many women are crying out for votes and work of various kinds. Let them take up this little book of Mrs. Nichols, and they will find—many of them at all events will find—the very thing which they wish or need. Mrs. Nichols began her career from the right point. She had no theory of women's rights to promote, though "the wrongs of women, in destroyed health, wrecked constitutions, and shortened lives, were but too apparent." Not to demand rights, so much as to teach how wrongs can be redressed by the power which women already possess, has been the aim and end of this lady-physician. Her case shows, if that is needed, how much excellent and beneficent work is accessible to ladies who have intelligence, tact, and an honest desire to put their hand to it.

#### LONDON AND CALCUTTA.\*

He would be a man of very thin and meagre sympathies indeed who would refuse a sentiment of regard for the enthusiasm which impels our pious people to attempt the conversion of the heathen. At the first blush there is scarce any work ordained by active Christianity seemingly so noble as this. It has been of all things the hope of Protestantism to increase the number of its followers in distant lands. The motives of action in such a direction have, however, been more complex than charitable persons care to think. To rival the old Church was certainly amongst them. When we ceased to achieve conquests at home, there was a boundless field to labour in abroad. And abroad we despatched our missionaries. In the beginning they did not conduct themselves with prudence. They had, or appeared to have had, a fetish belief in the direct power of the Bible. We do not wish to be misunderstood. Doubtless from a constant study and respect for the Holy Scriptures, they had at last come to regard it very much as the old woman did who stuck it under her pillow as a cure for headaches. They thought if they only got a savage to carry a volume to his hut, the foundation of a religious superstructure was laid. Sydney Smith mercilessly ridiculed them for this, and for constantly putting themselves within tempting reach of cannibalic larders. Still the missionaries stuck to their good work, and in many instances paved the way for civilization. Here, however, was another risk to which the credit of their disinterestedness was exposed. Natives found that soldiers and settlers followed so close on the heels of the new doctrine that they began to suspect that the doctrine was only a part of an organization for their being rendered gradually extinct. It must be remembered that the connection between our Church and State, although not defined to the wild tribes, and as little understood by them

as it is by our country gentlemen, had its bearing on this point. We carry our mechanism of government complete with us, and encumber ourselves with lots of baggage. The missionary colonies became settlements, the missionaries had their wives, and reared families, and started imitation Englands in the South Pacific. Now the Roman Catholic Church proceeds upon an entirely different plan. First of all, where we possess only volunteers for the work, she keeps up and perpetuates an army of trained soldiers. They are bound to celibacy, and amongst nearly all the savage tribes this fact in itself imparts a sacred significance to them. Then again, the impressive and ornamental character of the initiatory ceremonies with which she welcomed and blessed her new children pleased and attracted them. Yet Protestantism held its ground boldly, and we should say almost with greater courage than discretion. In India it was thought we should possess special advantages. Our missionaries were the dominant race, there were few to interfere with us, and we could offer special advantages and favours to converts. But Indian Protestant missions have been worse than failures; many of our Indian statesmen have regarded them as disasters. The bulk of the people not only cling tenaciously to their own faith, but they hate ours with a bitter hatred, associating it with excessive taxes and spoliation. Those who know best the Indian character have begged the missionaries to cease their exasperating though zealous efforts. The religion or network of religions of the tribes in our great possession is so fenced about by threats of social and moral penalties, that they cannot break through them without loss of caste. In fact, to look nearer home, there is Ireland. For years a missionary Church has been established there. What has it done? Not only have we maintained an extensive organization of a national kind for the purpose, but we have had affiliated institutions for a similar end, one of which we believe is the same as that with which the author of the book before us is connected. These, too, have been complete mistakes. In Connemara, in the west of Ireland, a perfect garrison of Scripture-readers was set up. It was supplied with a stock of bibles, tracts, and a large soup-kitchen. The people of the district were exceedingly poor and much more hungry for the broth than the Bible. We regret to say there is no doubt whatever about the fact that the Scripture-readers or missionaries carried on their proselytism by satisfying the stomachs of a few of the peasants, who, the moment the potatoes flourished, recanted once more, and made it all right with their parish priest. Many quaint stories are told of Pat asking Father O'Toole if he "might be a Protestan", and send the childre, the craturs, to school, until the pigs were sold." Now, for aught we know, something like this may be going on in India. We know that it does go on in Ireland, and there are strong analogical reasons for thinking that our religion may be as scandalous by the zeal of its voluntary ministers in Calcutta as in Connaught.

The writer of this book commences his task by those dreary statistical recitations which used to be considered picturesque. We have had them constantly speculated about in London—how much milk we consume here considered in juxtaposition with the floating of a frigate, and if we piled our morning loaves together instead of eating them we should see a pyramid of bakery reach the moon, or thereabouts. Getting as fast as we can out of the reach of this nonsense, we come, with Dr. Mullens, to Calcutta. He sets down the population at 500,000, and, with the suburbs, 800,000. Out of this number only 30,000 are included as English, German, and Armenian, and may be claimed as Christians. The number is probably, however, over-estimated.

"The European community have seventeen Protestant churches, one Armenian, one Greek, and six Roman Catholic. Of the Protestant churches, nine are Episcopal, one Church of Scotland, one Free Church, two Congregational, three Baptist, and one Wesleyan. The Roman Catholic churches are not exclusively confined to Europeans; two of them in the native town are largely attended by a people called 'Portuguese,' but sprung principally from the slaves of old Portuguese families and the intermixture of Portuguese and native blood. Attached to these churches are thirteen Episcopal chaplains, and two chaplains of the Established Church of Scotland, seven Non-conformist parsons, five Armenian clergy, one Greek priest, and nineteen Roman Catholic priests. Connected with them are seven or eight Sunday schools, a city mission, and four city missionaries. It should be especially noted that all these clergy, with their churches and religious institutions, are devoted to the maintenance and spread of Christian truth among Europeans alone. All the Government chaplains are paid by the State; and the 'incidental expenses' of worship in these churches, with the repairs of the buildings, are defrayed from the same funds. Four other ministers have the care of large and well-taught boys' schools for the education of the sons of the Christian population, with excellent schools also for their daughters. These churches exert most beneficial influence, and have proved a powerful means of upholding and sustaining religious principle and feeling in

\* London and Calcutta Compared, in their Heathenism, their Privileges, and their Prospects: showing the great Claims of Foreign Missions upon the Christian Church. By Joseph Mullens, D.D., Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society, and for Twenty-two years Missionary of the Society at Calcutta. London: Nisbet.



the foreign community at large. Even among the English all are not church-goers, all do not make an open profession of faith and piety. Great numbers of those employed on the railways, docks, ironworks, and other large public establishments; numbers of young men in the mercantile and public offices, are not found attached with any regularity to any Christian Church. Deducting the military church in the fort, the entire accommodation of the purely English Protestant churches and chapels does not amount to seven thousand sittings; and the ordinary congregations on the Sabbath day will not include more than five thousand worshippers. Probably the churches were never better attended, and general English society was never more orderly than now; the improvement in social and public morality over the old days is wonderfully great. But even in relation to the English themselves there is need of greater advance still; and none can wonder that the sailors' chaplains and the city missionaries find abundance of missionary work among their own countrymen in the public hospitals, the grog-shops and their neighbourhood, the railway termini, and on board the many vessels which crowd this busy seaport of the East. How much more is required to draw all the thirty thousand Christians, so called, to evangelical doctrine and worship, and to bring all to a saving acquaintance with the Gospel as a rule, a stimulus, a joy to their own souls."

We must put over against this that the native temples in the city amount to one hundred and sixty-seven. The people keep their festivals regularly. In September comes on the feast of Durga; each season has its appointed deity. Dr. Mullens speaks warmly of the indecent dances of Indian girls and of other wicked customs, which we suppose he never observed at a London music-hall or in the London Haymarket. He speaks indeed of crimes from which we have reason to be thankful we are comparatively free. The religion which was once more or less pure has become tainted with vice. Something like this happened in Greece. The gods and men grew wicked together. Our author drops the missionary subject in Calcutta most abruptly. He does not tell us clearly either his wants, or his aims, or the system on which he wishes his officers to proceed. From a hint we catch we are afraid that the old dodge of dropping tracts in railway-carriages and sending them on board ships (the sailors using them as pipe-lights) is being resorted to. Now, we have very little faith in tracts as instruments of conversion. They are ineffably silly, and not unfrequently mischievous in their irreverent familiarity and assumption of knowing the will of God. A department of Dr. Mullens' book directs our attention to the heathens of London as well as those of Calcutta. This portion of the work is really interesting. The figures relative to over-crowding and its attendant horrors are appalling. Will the distribution in a year of "two millions five hundred and ninety-two thousand two hundred and sixty-seven tracts" have a markedly improving consequence on the victims of bad moral training and deficient lodging? Dr. Mullens informs us that his society "reclaimed" 1,137 drunkards. We should like to see the special details by which this sum is composed. This is also a curious note of which we should wish to learn more:—"Theatre services have now been carried on twelve years, and have proved a great means of usefulness. They are increasingly attended by the classes for which they were designed. They are held in seven theatres and in St. James's Hall; and in the season the Sabbath services are attended by half a million of persons." We have not space to embark with Dr. Mullens once more in his foreign missions, to which he returns in the latter portion of his book. He pleads, in conclusion, for alms for the missionary work. It has done good, he says, and deserves it. Doubtless. We should be sorry to interrupt the progress of one shillingworth of postage stamps as a contribution to the cause of the heathen, or indeed any philanthropic cause which had the amelioration of health and morals for its end. But we trust never to hear of polemical cookery,—Protestant soup-kitchens,—and we should desire that the expounders of the Scriptures were better educated. Meanwhile we cordially wish Dr. Mullens the success he is so anxious to achieve. With all its drawbacks, the Missionary Church has done much of which it may be proud; at the same time, whether Protestantism is suited for a Missionary Church in every respect is a question of a deep import, to which we believe some attention ought to be given.

#### THE INTERMINABLE WAR.\*

DOCTOR MÖHLER'S "Symbolism" commences with something rather more violent than a *petitio principii* on its title-page, and has a variety of fallacies in the course of its discussions, but is an instructive and amiable book notwithstanding. The infrequency of the word by which Mr. Robertson has

\* Symbolism; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as Evidenced by their Symbolical Writings. By John Adam Möhler, D.D., Dean of Würzburg, and late Professor of Theology at the University of Munich. Translated by James Burton Robertson, Esq. Third Edition. London: Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company.

so literally translated the German "Symbolik" may require us to remind our readers that, among theologians, a "symbol" denotes a recognised confession of faith, an accepted statement of dogma; and that "Symbolism" is the comparative discussion of such statements and confessions. Its province is to distinguish between them, to point out their broader or minuter differences, and to exhibit the consequences that may be involved in their coincidences or their divergences, as the case may be. In the hands of a master like Bossuet it proved a weapon hardly more brilliant than formidable. In the hands of Dr. Möhler it seems better adapted to an arena where the adversary has no chance of parry or return.

The occasion of the book was much as follows. The author knew that it was the custom in all the Lutheran and Calvinistic universities for the theological professors to deliver lectures on the doctrinal differences between Romanists and Protestants. Either from this cause, or from others, the controversies that are unavoidable when men of different opinions meet together, appeared to Dr. Möhler to be greatly in favour of the Protestant. He learnt that the adherents of the faith of which he was one of the defenders frequently found themselves in a state of "deplorable helplessness" in the presence of a well-informed antagonist. He found that, without formally abandoning the Church, whole parishes were occasionally perverted from the complexities of Romanism to the simplicity of the Gospel by clergymen who were insufficiently imbued with the theology of Trent. Dr. Möhler had no alternative but to regard this state of things as eminently undesirable, and he signalized his appointment to a theological chair at Tübingen by a series of lectures designed to show, by the most candid yet conclusive reasonings, how Protestantism has erred in all the points wherein it has differed from Rome. By those who did not need to be convinced it was admitted that the lecturer had achieved a brilliant and very pious success. The crowded auditory which applauded the first delivery of the lectures was not less numerous when they were repeated in the following year. Again and again did the well-filled benches testify to the fact that, in the opinion of his students, the professor had triumphantly grappled "with the errors of his age." After at least four of these sessions, the lectures were considered to have received the needful degree of elaboration, and their author could no longer refuse the publication his co-religionists desired. How largely we have ourselves failed to appreciate the author's triumph, will be more adequately felt when our readers are informed that "the sensation" which the "Symbolik" produced "throughout all Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic, was prodigious, perhaps unparalleled in the history of modern theological literature. Hailed by Catholics with joy and exultation, its transcendent merits were openly acknowledged by the most eminent and estimable Protestants," &c. The good-natured biographer seems to have had a little misgiving about the testimony he thus offers, and instantly summons a witness to declare that the case is not overstated in the least. The witness is all that could be desired, both in opinion and in creed, and exclaims in edifying anti-climax of deliquescent praise:—"Germany, so parcelled out into different States, so divided in religious belief—Germany, where opinion is not centralized in a single city, but where the taste of Vienna is checked by the critics of Göttingen, Munich, or Berlin,—Germany with one voice extols the merits of Möhler's 'Symbolism.'"

The principal discussions of the "Symbolism" are on the Primitive State of Man, the Origin of Evil, Original Sin, Justification, Faith, Good Works, the Sacraments, the Church. The space at our disposal forbids all thought of following the author in detail. We shall content ourselves with a few notes, leaving to be inferred, rather than formally stating, the grounds on which, with very much respect for the author, we regard his work as a failure, and his so-called triumph a demonstration that, in a fair field with no favour, he would have had little better fortune than the disputants to whose assistance he came. It is the Doctrine on the Church which is of chief controversial importance in our own day, and to this we shall confine ourselves.

Having reminded us of the Incarnation, and that through man God thus spake to man, the author infers that:—

"The Deity having manifested its action in Christ according to an ordinary human fashion, the form also in which this work was to be continued was thereby traced out. The preaching of His doctrine needed now a visible, human medium, and must be intrusted to visible envoys, teaching and instructing after the wonted method. . . . And as in the world nothing can attain to greatness but in society, so Christ established a community; and His divine word, His living will, and the love emanating from Him, exerted an internal binding power upon

\* "L'Université Catholique," xi. 75.



His followers; so that an inclination implanted by Him in the hearts of believers corresponded to His outward institution. And thus a living, well-connected, visible association of the faithful sprang up, whereof it might be said, there they are, there is His Church, His institution, wherein He continueth to live, His spirit continueth to work, and the word uttered by Him eternally resounds. Thus the visible Church, from the point of view here taken, is the Son of God Himself, everlastingly manifesting Himself among men in a human form, perpetually renovated and eternally young—the permanent incarnation of the same, as in Holy Writ even the faithful are called the ‘Body of Christ’—(pp. 253-4).

Doubtless, the thought of this passage is very beautiful; and if men could only believe in the objective terrestrial existence of anything correspondent to the description, they would seek it, we are fain to think, with as loyal a consecration and devotion as Isis sought for Osiris. Of course there is an objective and terrestrial *something* offered us, and it claims the description as its own. What is it, then, in practice and in fact—this community which calls itself “the institution in which Christ continues to live,” and which is, in fact, “the Son of God Himself, everlastingly manifesting Himself,” &c.? For answer we are pointed to a corporation which includes many persons of great excellence and piety, but which claims lordship over persons and things, bodies and souls, with a more arrogant greed than the Agamemnons and Alexanders all put together, and claims them in the name of a master whose most distinguishing characteristic, perhaps, was an utter and persistent rejection of temporal power. It is the Church which blessed the Armada, and cursed the Netherlands, and sang “Te Deum” for St. Bartholomew’s, and has made acceptance of the Immaculate Conception an indispensable condition of heaven!

We should be unjust to our author were we to overlook his admission that the facts have not hitherto been accordant with the theory. He acknowledges there have been priests, bishops, and even popes who have failed in duty, and whom “hell hath swallowed up.” But if any one thinks the discrepancy between fact and theory, between ideal and conduct, is so vast and so constant as to be an objection to the claims of the Church altogether, Dr. Möhler replies that undoubtedly “the idea is not the vulgar reality,” and that the objection is “most trivial.” He tells us that “he feels convinced that if, in the above-mentioned manner, the doctrine of his Church is to be seriously assailed, the Gospel itself would be open to the same attacks. . . . Everything must live according to an ideal, to which the vulgar reality is not equal; for how else could it be vulgar? The words of the Lord, ‘Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect,’ will not therefore be vain because no man is like to God. No; woe to him who shall reject the ideal because he finds it not perfectly represented among men.” And thus is the objection on the ground of discrepancy refuted! Thus, by a writer whose performance is extolled as “an indispensable complement to Bossuet’s immortal History of the Variations.” Such very rags and patches of reply are hardly worth one’s reading, though, like the coat of the false herald in “Quentin Durward,” they are not without stolen adornments of purple and gold. But what is this “doctrine of his Church” which is so coolly put into the same category with the Gospel? It is nothing less than the Church’s doctrine with regard to itself; its claims to be at this moment, and always, an incarnation of the Son of God—infallible in judgment accordingly, and of full authority to open or to shut the gates of the kingdom of God. The fact is, that such a position amounts to nothing less than a new dogma. Its author has kindled a fresh constellation in the already somewhat overcrowded ecclesiastical heaven. By its light we read the sentence of our doom—“Refuse the Romanist pretensions to infallibility, supremacy, and the like, and you refuse the Gospel of Christ.” Need we wonder any longer at the notorious opinions of the educated laity of Italy and France? We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Möhler, as a rule, is both more candid and more amiable than most controversialists of his Church; but to offer his readers the alternative we have just exhibited is a gross presumption; while, to assume that a Protestant rejects the argument from the Church’s ideal, merely because “the vulgar reality” does “not perfectly represent it,” is eminently uncandid, and completely untrue.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The County Families of the United Kingdom: a Royal Manual of the Titled and Untitled Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland.* By Edward Walford, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: Robert Hardwicke.

The previous editions of this comprehensive and useful work are so well known that any further reference to its specialty would be now quite superfluous. Mr. Walford has so frequently distinguished

himself by the care and judgment with which he has compiled works of this kind, that his name is in itself a guarantee of the accuracy of the book. It is impossible for us to speak with any greater exactitude about the contents of this handsomely-printed and bound volume; as it is not given to any man—not even to the representative Jenkins—to be personally acquainted with all the county families of the kingdom. The inquiring student who wishes for information on such points may, as we have already hinted, rest satisfied with the guarantee furnished by the name of the author. Mr. Walford’s “County Families” is the most reliable work on the subject with which we are acquainted.

#### Bird-keeping. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

The management of cage birds is attempted by many, but with only the very few is it successful, and these favoured ones scarcely ever know the cause to which to attribute their good fortune. It appears to be altogether a matter of chance: one season the birds appear to do well; then one of them droops and dies, and an epidemic runs through the whole of the aviary, which is quickly untenanted. At another time the young brood all suddenly die off without exhibiting any sign of the cause. The present Practical Guide, one of the publishers’ “Home Books,” is intended to give full particulars of the proper treatment which birds should receive in captivity; and in glancing through the pages the object appears to us to be fully carried out. The information is full, simple, and thoroughly practical. The arrangement is also good. Each bird is described; its habits in a wild state mentioned and contrasted with those shown in captivity; and hints given as to the best kinds of food, on breeding, &c. Several interesting anecdotes are scattered throughout, and the little volume is very fairly illustrated.

#### Peggy and Other Tales. By the Author of “A Simple Story.” (Cassell.)

The stories of those two most useful coins, a sovereign and a three-penny piece, are, in this little volume, made almost equally interesting. Poor little Peggy’s trials and Arthur’s troubles, will be capital winter evening reading for little folks, and will be all the pleasanter for the illustrations and fine large print.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Besant (W.), *Studies in Early French Poetry*. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 Bigg (J.), *Supplement to the Reform and Registration Acts, 1832-67*. 12mo., 2s.  
 Brewster (Sir D.), *Letters on Natural Magic*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Buchanan (W. M.), *Dictionary of Scientific Terms*. 4th edit. 18mo., 4s. 6d.  
 Cassell’s *Illustrated Almanack*: 1869. 6d.  
 Cazin (A.), *Phenomena and Laws of Heat*. Edited by E. Rich. Fcap., 5s.  
 Charlesworth (M. L.), *Ministering Children*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Charlton (W. H.), *Poems and Plays: Original and Translated*. Fcap., 7s. 6d.  
 Church (Rev. R. W.), *Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford*. Fcap., 4s. 6d.  
 Cooper (J. F.), *Jack Tier*. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 6d.  
 Cox (G. V.), *Recollections of Oxford*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Doyle (M.), *Farmer’s Manual*. Fcap., 1s.  
 ———, *Field and Garden Plants*. Fcap., 1s.  
 Dumas (A.), *The Forty-five Guardsmen*. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Ecce Spiritus Opus: *The Church of Christ a Broad Church*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 English Reprints.—Lyly (J.), *Euphues*. 12mo., 4s.  
 Gambier (Mrs.), *Holiday Adventures*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Great Unwashed (The). By a Journeyman Engineer. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Hadyn’s *Dictionary of Dates*. Edited by B. Vincent. 13th edit. 8vo., 18s.  
 Historical Selections. Edited by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. Fcap., 6s.  
 Holmes (Rev. W.), *Religious Emblems and Allegories*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Household Words. Edited by Charles Dickens. Re-issue. Vol. II. Royal 8vo., 2s. 6d. sewed; 3s. 6d. cloth.  
 Howitt (Mary), *John Oriol’s Start in Life*. Cr. 4to., 1s.  
 Lever (C.), *The Brambleighs of Bishop’s Folly*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Lloyd (Mrs. W. R.), *Watchers for the Dawn, and other Studies of Christian Character*. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Lyra Sacra Americana: *Gems of American Sacred Poetry*. Edited by C. D. Cleveland. 16mo., 4s. 6d.  
 Maclear (Rev. G. F.), *Class Book of the Catechism*. 2nd edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Macmillan’s Magazine. Vol. XVIII. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Magee (Dean), *Sermon: The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life*. 8vo., 6d.  
 Marian; or, *The Light of Someone’s Home*. By Maud J. Franc. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
 Marryat (Florence), *For Ever and Ever*. Cheap edit. Fcap., 3s.  
 Menken (Adah Isaacs), *Infelicia: Poems*. 2nd edit. 16mo., 5s. 6d.  
 Mignonette: a Tale. By A. G. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Mitchell (J.), *Manual of Practical Assaying*. 3rd edit. Edited by W. Crookes. 8vo., 28s.  
 Percy Anecdotes (The). New edit. Preface by John Timbs. Fcap., 1s.  
 Philip’s *Authentic Map of Spain*. 1s., folded.  
 Pictures of Heroes. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Poetic Voices of the 18th Century. New edit. Royal 8vo., 5s.  
 Raleigh (Sir W.), *Life and Letters of*. By E. Edwards. 2 vols. 8vo., 32s.  
 Reid (Captain Mayne), *The Headless Horseman*. Cheap edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Rivers (T.), *Miniature Fruit Garden*. 15th edit. Fcap., 3s.  
 Rochefoucauld (Duke de), *Maxims and Moral Reflections, with Memoir*. By Chevalier de Chatelain. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Rule (The) of Faith. 32mo., 6d.  
 Sandford and Merton, in Words of one Syllable. By Mary Godolphin. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Scott (Sir W.), *Poetical Works*. Roxburgh edit. Vol. X. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Shakespeare. Edited by H. Staunton. 8 vols. 8vo., half-bound, £2. 10s.  
 Shakespeare’s Merchant of Venice. Edited by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright. Fcap., 1s.  
 Standing Orders of the Lords and Commons, 1869. 12mo., 5s.  
 Statutes: Public General, 1867-8. Royal 8vo., 15s. 6d.  
 Stephen (Serjt.), *New Commentaries on the Laws of England*. 6th edit. 4 vols. 8vo., £4. 4s.  
 Sylvester (A.), *Adrift and at Anchor*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Thackeray’s (W. M.) Works. Illustrated Library edit. Vol. XII. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Weale’s *Rudimentary Series:—Brickmaking*. By E. Dobson. 4th edit. 12mo., 3s.  
 Wilkinson (Rev. J. B.), *Short Readings*. Part II. Fcap., 1s.  
 Wright (T.), *Caricature History of the Four Georges*. Large Paper edit. 4to., 30s.  
 Zadkiel’s *Almanack for 1869*. Fcap., 6d.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.**—At 7, **BORROWED PLUMES.** After which, at a quarter to 8, **KING O' SCOTS:** Mr. Phelps; Messrs. Addison, Barrett, J. Irving, H. Sinclair, E. Price, R. Rouse, G. Cumming, W. McIntyre, W. C. Temple; Mesdames Heath, Edith Stuart, Fanny Addison, and Mrs. F. Mathews. Grand Ballet Divertissement.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—At 7, **A CHARMING PAIR:** After which, at 8, **AFTER DARK,** a Tale of London Life: Mr. Vining, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Dominick Murray; Messrs. C. Harcourt, J. G. Shore, Maclean, Holston; Miss Trissy Marston and Miss Rose Leclercq. Concluding with **MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY.**

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—At 7, Stirling's Farce, entitled **NICE YOUNG LADIES;** Messrs. Edward Terry, D. Evans, Everard; Mesdames A. Goodall, M. Sidney, and Caroline Parkes. After which will be produced in five acts and eight tableaux, **THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.** Lord Beaufort, Mr. G. F. Neville; Sir Grey de Malpas, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Wrecklyffe, Mr. Frank Lawlor; Sir Godfrey Seymour, Mr. George Peel; Vivyan, Mr. Bandmann; Faulkner, Mr. Lin Bayne; Harding, Mr. T. Anderson; Marsden, Mr. David Evans; Alton, Mr. Basil Potter; Purser, Mr. Everard; Servant, Mr. W. Templeton; Lady Montreville, Mrs. Hermann Vezin (her first appearance this season); Eveline (her ward), Miss Milly Palmer. To conclude with The Lyceum Ballet of 60 ladies from the Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

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**THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL, Long Acre.**—At 7, **THE TROUBADOUR;** Mr. L. Brough and Miss Montague. And **THE LANCASHIRE LASS:** Messrs. Irving, L. Brough, Stephens, Wyndham, Terrot, Clayton, and S. Emery; Mesdames Hodson, Montague, and Nelly Moore.

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**ROYALTY THEATRE.**—At 7.30, **MARRIED DAUGHTERS.** After which, **THE RISE AND FALL OF RICHARD III.;** or, a New Front to an Old Dick; Mr. Dewar, Mr. Danvers; Miss Collinson, and Miss M. Oliver. To conclude with **THE MISTRESS OF THE MILL.**

**ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.**—**THE MODEL HUSBAND.** At 7.45, **LAND RATS AND WATER RATS:** Dick Mavis, Mr. Creswick; Jonas Shirving, Mr. Shepherd; Ravelstone, Mr. E. F. Edgar; General Redman, Mr. Voltaire; Frank, Mr. Walter Crosby; Kidney Jack, Mr. Mat Robson; Hetty, Miss Pauncefort; Rosa Mavis, Miss E. Webster; Flitt, Miss Ellen Lenard. To conclude with **TURN HIM OUT.**

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE and CIRCUS, HOLBORN.**—**Avolo, the Marvel of the Nineteenth Century;** Frank Pastor, Champion American Equestrian; Alfred Bradbury, M. Napoli, F. Clifton, Almonti, and Delevanti. Middle, Montero, Fratelli Voltaires; and Samwell's Performing Dogs. Commence at half-past Seven.

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